

The TATLER

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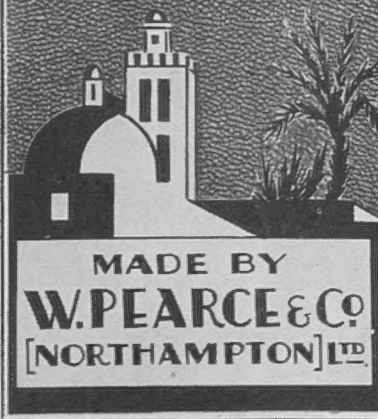
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MRS. FEARNLEY-WHITTINGSTALL (MISS EILEEN BENNETT)

Two recent and very attractive studies of the beautiful wife of Mr. Fearnley-Whittingstall, the artist who painted an excellent portrait of his wife very shortly after their marriage. Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, who is far better known to her public as Miss Eileen Bennett, will be playing in the South of France in the various lawn-tennis tournaments on the Riviera

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street





AT BEAULIEU—ON THE SUNNY RIVIERA

A group, which includes many people well known in London Society, at one of the many fashionable restaurants. Lady Orr-Lewis is the "jockey," and next to her is Lady Seafield, and others in the picture are Mr. Studley Herbert, who is Lady Seafield's husband, Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis, Major Lyons, who is well known in the world of polo, and Mrs. Lyons, and Mr. and Mrs. Warner

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

"It is the nature of man to be greedy for novelty," said Pliny the Elder, and nature has changed very little in nineteen hundred years. Witness the rush there always is to be present at the first night of a new production. One invariably hopes and expects to be entertained; sometimes optimism is justified, frequently not, but when the next opportunity offers the urge to seize it is just as strong.

Those of us who attended the *première* of *After All* at the Criterion Theatre had undoubted cause for congratulation. Mr. van Druen is a master both of characterization and deft contrasts, and there is a stimulating vitality about his play which the audience found most agreeable. It was a pity that his absence in America prevented him from having outward and visible proof of their approbation.

Many notable people occupied the stalls. Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry looking strikingly handsome in a flame-coloured velvet coat, was sitting near the front; Miss Janet McGrew, who was so very much "On the Spot" until quite recently, was a near neighbour of Sir Harold Wernher; and in the row in front of them Lord Fitzwilliam was to be seen with Lady Headfort and Mr. and Mrs. Woivodsky. Mr. Edward Marsh was also there to



LADY ALINGTON AND HER DAUGHTER MARY

A charming chance shot taken at the Westover Ice Rink, Bournemouth, a most popular rendezvous. Lady Alington, who was married in 1928, was then Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper and is the eldest of Lord and Lady Shaftesbury's daughters. The Hon. Mary Sturt was born in 1929

The Letters of Eve



Munn

CAPTAIN THE HON. BRUCE OGILVY AND MISS PRIMROSE O'BRIEN

Whose engagement was announced recently, are to be married some time in the summer. Captain Ogilvy is a brother of the Earl of Airlie and is in the Life Guards (Reserve). He was for some time an Equerry to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Miss O'Brien is a daughter of Mr. R. W. O'Brien of the Bank of Ireland and of Mrs. O'Brien. This picture was taken at Weder Gourdre House, Glendelvine, Perthshire, the seat of Major J. R. Couper, Miss O'Brien's uncle

enjoy the brilliant acting of Lilian Braithwaite and lovely Madeleine Carroll, whose oyster-satin frock in the last act was ravishing.

* * *

After lunching with a high-brow friend, so as to encourage the right frame of mind for such an important undertaking, I paid an early visit to Mr. Jacob Epstein's show at the Leicester Galleries. There I was fortunate enough to find the great man himself surrounded by a ring of bronze heads on pedestals and his very latest sensation, "Genesis." It was quite a revelation to see him face to face with his sculpture, and I realized how completely it is an expression of himself—powerful, ruthless, and intellectually serene. The note of it all is supreme sophistication, not that of *le monde qui s'amuse* but of the world that thinks.

And *malgré soi* one has to think too when studying the Epstein heads which seem to brood heavily on a world of inequalities. The twin heads of children were charming; fat, solemn babies, quite unprecocious; and those of "Israfil" and "Lord Rothermere" and "Miss Powys" are full of vigour.

I was still pondering about "Genesis" when I made my exodus. This great white plaster cast seems to me a gross Robotic figure, something ordained for the mechanical purpose of bringing forth a struggling proletariat. It suggests Russia but

not revolution. It is like some modernistic mother of the slums whose enormous Gothic hands, one clasped over her stomach, show nothing but a desperate resignation to an enforced condition of incessant mass-production. Generally simian in feature the lady's nose, unlike the Jewish type so prevalent in Epstein's statues and drawings, is concave and resembles a pedigree bulldog's being "well smashed in."

* *

Don't you agree with me that Beethoven's Ninth Symphony contains some of the

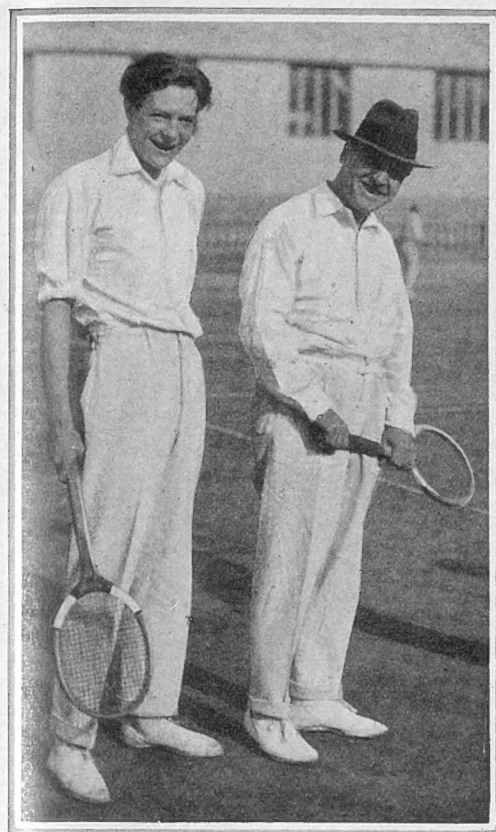
there; they always attend all the performances given by their concert club. Herr Schnabel, so frequently concerned with platform activities, on this occasion conducted himself into the audience, and Sir Arthur and Lady Colefax were to be seen there too. Miss Ethel Sands came with Mr. Leslie Hartley, the novelist and critic, and Lord and Lady Hambleden, Lord Balniel, Lady Helen Asquith, Mr. and Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore, and Mr. Arthur Penn all arrived together.

Miss Kathleen Alington, the Headmaster of Eton's daughter, was armed with an extra large score of the symphony, and Mr. Edward Sackville-West, who plays the piano superbly as well as writing novels, was thoroughly in tune with the proceedings. Others with a very evident musical understanding, included Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, in a white ermine coat, her husband, Sir Maurice, and Miss Virginia Graham, the intelligent and attractive daughter of Captain and Mrs. Harry Graham.

Many were bold and quite a few frozen when the North Cotswold met at Broadway Tower. I say bold advisedly for horses hoofs rattled and skidded on the iron turf and the Arctic Circle could hardly have been colder. Sleet stung and wind whistled, but the inhabitants of these Gloucestershire heights are a hardy race and no one seemed to suffer from the blues except facially. "Quite bracing," as I heard some remark.

Any sport in a storm? Certainly, though progress was very tricky indeed, and none but the brave disturbed the fair-sized walls which are usually such exhilarating obstacles. Several foxes were on the move in the Ledges, and one was pursued to Farncombe where he managed to conceal his whereabouts. Middlehill provided another and for nearly two hours hounds hunted him with exemplary perseverance, Springhill, Herberts Gorse, and Broadway Wood being included in a circular tour. Snow fell briskly most of the time and no one was really sorry when Major Fielden gave the order for home. Lady Victoria Weld-Forrester and her daughter Mary had anticipated this by an hour or so, and Colonel and Mrs. Graham Rees-Mogg, who were mounting Miss Sheila Tighe from the Oakley country, also made a short day of it. Mrs. Grice-Hutchinson

(Continued overleaf)



AT CANNES: MR. ROLAND LEE AND MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

At the Carlton courts at Cannes last week. Mr. Roland Lee is the author of "Wonder Bar," the big success at the Savoy. Mr. Somerset Maugham hardly needs any kind of identification disc

most magnificent music ever written? To my mind it reflects the whole gamut of human emotions. I wish you could have been at the Courtauld-Sargent concert at the Queen's Hall last week, when Herr Otto Klemperer, the young German conductor, controlled the large orchestra and vast mixed choir necessary for the rendering of this stupendous work. It was glorious.

The Symphony was preceded by Bach's massive and dignified Prelude and Fugue in E Flat Major, originally I believe written for the organ, and I have rarely heard the equal of the thunderous applause which the concert called forth.

It goes without saying that Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Courtauld were



THE CRESTA CURZON CUP EIGHT AND SOME OTHER CELEBRITIES

Next to the Grand National at Aintree the Cresta at St. Moritz is rated the best thrill—but there is no known record of the same man having ridden over both courses so comparison is a bit difficult. This year, after a very fine contest, M. A. Lanfranchi won the Curzon Cup from Mr. T. L. Lonsdale and M. H. Martineau, who dead-heated for second place. In this group, left to right, are: Back—M. G. Lanfranchi, Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, the Hon. F. N. Curzon (President), Mr. J. Baxter, and Major D. G. Oliver (Secretary); front—Mr. J. R. Heaton, Mr. T. L. Lonsdale, M. A. Lanfranchi (the winner), M. H. Martineau, and Captain J. G. Coats

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

got full marks in the endurance test and so did Mrs. Hannay, who lives at Springhill, a most delightful house, and owns that good 'chaser, Wretham.

When I heard that we were to observe an amateur revue that night I was not imbued with any great enthusiasm, and in fact rather resented being roused from a condition of amiable somnolence, removed from an enticing fireside, made to dine very early, and hurried off to the Picture House at Stratford-on-Avon. Had I realized what was in store there would have been no lagging. Take my advice, and never miss an entertainment organized by the Cochran of the Cotswolds, Mr. Peirse Duncombe. The *divertissement* he had devised, produced, and to a large extent composed, was worthy of the London stage, and as turn succeeded turn with superb slickness I kept thinking this can't go on, there must be a hitch soon or a hint of amateurishness. But *Snippets* and its Potty Players never faltered in their triumphant progress.

A miniature revue in various cuttings was how Mr. Duncombe described the entertainment in which he played many parts brilliantly, but there was also a flavouring of musical comedy as well as a garnish of cabaret in this quite excellent show which lasted three hours, and was not one whit too long.

I cannot attempt to mention by name more than a few members of the company. Much applause came the way of Mrs. Peirse Duncombe, Mr. and Mrs. Spenser Flower, Miss Constance Anderson, and Mr. Trevor Wheler. The Beith sisters and a brace of banjuleles did us a very good turn, and the chorus of Snip Pets was enchanting. Mr. Frederick Grisewood kept on apologizing for keeping on singing, but one couldn't have too much of that wonderful voice. He and Mr. Duncombe bandied some refreshing quips, and I thought the idea of saving egg shells and sending them to the B.B.C. to be relaid was a sound one.

Further intelligence from St. Moritz reports enormous improvement in conditions. The bare allowance of snow has been made good; no longer do rocks protrude in unwanted places, and this increased upholstery, though produced at the expense of sunshine, has been welcomed by the many good ski-ers there. Lady Rachel Stuart was one of these, faithful to Suvretta House, where she always stays. Miss Veronica Christie-Miller also goes there every year and looks very well in the snow—I don't mean immersed, for she stands up to it better than most—but her tall figure, good complexion, and bright blue eyes make the best possible impression. Lady Jean Dalrymple, Lord Charles Cavendish, and Mr. Neil Rankin were also at Suvretta, and Sir Richard Sykes could make music whenever necessary, for his skill on the piano is considerable.

The attitude of habitués to various St. Moritz hotels is very much like that of "north v. south side of

the Park" enthusiasts in London. Confirmed Palace-ites would not dream of transferring to the Carlton, though fully appreciating its attractions and occupants. Mr. Freddie Bramson is an annual inhabitant, and in addition, one of the kindest of people with whom to go ski-ing. Being possessed of superlative skill himself, he is nevertheless quite willing to aid and abet the feeble-footed, and almost appears to suffer them gladly.

The Marquis and Marquise de Casa Maury, Lord and Lady Weymouth, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Martineau scored further points for the Palace, the Carlton countering smartly with Sir Ian Walker, Mrs. David Stacey, Mr. John Bingham, Mr. Barty Clowes and his sister, and two vigorous Cresta riders in the form of Sir John Forbes and Captain Jimmy Coats.

A breath of Leicestershire was introduced by Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, among their guests at their villa being Mrs. Jackie de Pret and Major and Lady Eileen Clarke.



Bertram Park

MISS HERMIONE BULLOUGH

The future Countess of Durham, as her engagement to Lord Durham was announced last week. Miss Bullough is the only child of Sir George and Lady Bullough, and her father, as most people know, is a figure in the racing world and has his horses with Jack Jarvis at Newmarket. Lord Durham succeeded in 1929 on the death of his father, who was the twin brother of the 3rd Earl and died a short time after him



THE ST. VALENTINE'S EVE BALL

The Victorian group: Miss Joan Lindsay Lady Hamilton-Grant, and Miss Elaine Gatti. The ball will be held at the Savoy on the 13th and is in aid of the London Association of the Blind. Lady Hamilton Grant is the wife of Sir "Tony" Hamilton Grant, who had a distinguished career in the Indian Civil Service and is an ex-Chief Commissioner of the North West Frontier Province. Miss Joan Lindsay is the daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. George Lindsay

Someone with original ideas evidently helped to stage the South Staffordshire Hunt Ball, held last week at Sutton Coldfield. I hear that illuminated and enlarged editions of the hunt button ornamented one end of the ball-room; secluded corners, sitting-out rooms, and supper tables were labelled with the names of well-known coverts and meets, and several doorways supported the notice "never stand in a gateway." It was a nice plan, too, to have the hunt servants in attendance, as well as a former huntsman, Will Davis, who retired a few seasons ago after very long service.

Colonel Douglas Seckham and Mr. Norton are the joint M.F.H.'s of the South Staffordshire, Colonel Seckham having taken office this season at the express wish of his uncle, the late Sir Villiers Forster, whose memory will be kept green in hunting circles. Both the Masters were present, of course, with Mrs. Seckham and Mrs. Norton, not forgetting Norton *filis* who brought a hunting horn with him and used it to good effect.

Mr. Ronald Worthington was a splendid dance secretary but, according to report, he wore a worried look when trying to observe the laws of precedence in connection with supper. His father, on the contrary, appeared far from worried at his responsibilities as chaperon, this lot having fallen on him owing to Lady Muriel's absence in Switzerland. His *bonhomie* was not surprising, for Lady Harrington and Lady Sibell and Lady Mary Lygon were among the Maple Hayes party.

Miss Elsie Hodson, Mrs. Arthur Negus, and Mrs. Douglas Smith were on the committee and brought guests. Sir Percival Heywood came with Mrs. Yvone Bedford's party, and visitors from the Atherstone country included Miss Inge and her sister, Major and Mrs. Manley and Mr. Harry Brown.

I gather that Mr. Hugh Hardy's impromptu cabaret turn as a high diver, in which he was ably assisted by Mr. Derek Fisher, was tremendously applauded both for execution and décor.—With love, my dear—Yours, EVE.

SPORTING DAYS WITH HOUNDS AND LONG DOGS



Truman Howell

A RECENT MEET OF THE MONMOUTHSHIRE: Left to right—Major Fisher, Mr. A. Herbert, Major J. A. Herbert, Miss Helen Walwyn, Mr. S. T. Hutchinson, Miss Lucas-Scudamore, Miss M. Graham, Lady Bradney, Major Douglas Graham, Lady Mary Herbert, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Fetherstonhaugh, Mrs. Bruce Tulloch, Mrs. Hutchinson, M.F.H., Master Fetherstonhaugh, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Evans, Brigadier-General Fetherstonhaugh, Lieut.-Colonel Kennedy, and Captain McDonald

A very big field turned out when the Monmouthshire Hounds met last week at the residence of Brig.-General Fetherstonhaugh. The Monmouthshire Hunt Club is an old-established one, having been formed about 1835. Mrs. Hutchinson and Lieut.-Colonel Fulke Walwyn are the Masters. Lady Mary Herbert was Lady Mary Fox-Strangways before her marriage. Her husband, Major J. A. Herbert, is in the Blues. Lady Bradney is the second wife of Colonel Sir Joseph Bradney of Taly-coed Court, who is a great authority on the ancient monuments of Wales, and has written a history of Monmouthshire



Guy & Milligan

WITH THE CRAVEN: MR. R. S. CORBETT, MISS PUXLEY, SIR FREDERICK CARDEN, AND MAJOR W. E. ROYDS

The above group of well-known Cravenites was taken at a recent meet, when frost interfered with the day's fun. Major Roys is point-to-point secretary. This event is arranged to take place on April 25. Major Sir Frederick Carden, who used to be in the Life Guards, lives at Stargroves, near Newbury. The Cotswold Coursing Club's Meeting was the occasion for the snapshot on the left. Mrs. Hugh Barker is a sister of the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings. Mrs. de Freville's Sealyham, a great personality, always refuses to be left at home



MRS. REX SMART, MRS. HUMPHREY DE FREVILLE AND MRS. HUGH BARKER WATCHING COURSING AT SHERBORNE

The Cinema : A Rattling Good Film

By JAMES AGATE

AS far as I can judge every other person in the world except myself has a passion for dressing up. I know all about that passion, since I was at one time as violently addicted to it as the rest of mankind. In what one might call the Little-Lord-Fauntleroy-cum-Archibald-Grosvenor period—photographs show me at the ages of seven and eleven as a horrid little beast with curls, Patience collar, and velvet knickerbockers—I used to play at theatricals with those angelic brats, my younger brothers. We found our costumes among some inconceivably old and faded fripperies stowed away in an unseaworthy trunk in a box-room, and to this day I can remember every rag of them. I was particularly attached to a pair of yellow silk breeches with one buckle, and there was a bodice in dirty white satin which was some recompense to the younger brother whose ignominious turn it was to be the girl. But when the time came to put away childish things I resolutely discarded dressing-up just as, when some years later I ceased to be svelte, I gave up dancing. I occasionally gyrate for the benefit of the bath-room taps, but the coranto and the fox-trot, cinquepace and tango of the ball-room know me no more. Dancing is either an æsthetic spectacle or it is nothing, and I know few things more revolting than your pot-belly revolving languorously on its own axis, or the gaunt scarecrow who tries to combine a yearning expression with spectacles and an Adam's apple. The rest of my kind does not seem to suffer from any such inhibition, and from many a solitary corner have I watched the more revolting kind of stock-broker sunning it as Henry VIII, while his wife, who is a martyr to rheumatism and a grand-mother, poses as Scheherazade. No, I think fancy-dress balls should be left to the young and beautiful of both sexes who can without excessive improbability call themselves Anne Boleyn, Piers Gaviston, and what not. Of course there are a few fortunate individuals who look like Napoleon or Cardinal Wolsey, and Mr. A. P. Herbert's astonishing resemblance to Dante is sufficient excuse for that wild piece of extravagance known as the Three Arts Ball, for which I have never been able to get a ticket.

Mr. Cecil B. de Mille has admirably captured the spirit of the universal foible in *Madam Satan*, now at the Empire. The first part of this picture rather defeated me with its almost incomprehensible tangle of a story. Angela (Miss Kay Johnson) was an American high-brow who loved listening to string-quartets, in gowns cut below the waist. Her husband, Bob (Mr. Reginald Denny), disliked any combination of instruments which did not include a saxophone and, as his wife's chill austerity persisted even in the boudoir, Bob sought consolation with Trixie, as vulgar a hussy as the more expensive American films have ever paraded. "You're a common cheat," said Angela to Trixie. Whereupon Trixie replied: "I may be common. . . ." I could not hear the rest because at that moment Trixie turned away and ran out of the room. What I hope she said was: "I may be common but I am not a cheat. I do, at least, deliver the goods, and you don't!" It then appeared that for some reason which escaped me Trixie had to pretend to be married to Bob's friend, Jimmy (Mr. Roland Young). First Jimmy came to Trixie's apartment and then Angela, so that when Bob appeared Angela had to be hidden under the counter-pane while Jimmie sat on her head, which seems a curious situation for a picture which began as the highest possible comedy. Indeed all this part of the film is like a chord composed entirely of false notes—sentiment, farce, tears, and pure silliness all jumbled

together. But I have often noticed that there exists in play and picture-goers a type of mentality which does not relate one thing to another and, metaphorically speaking, would be perfectly satisfied with a meal which consisted of tea, cheese, Benedictine, oysters, roast pork, grape-fruit, grape-nuts, grapes, gin, kippers, roly-poly, and spaghetti. Indeed I am persuaded that the Elizabethan dramatists wrote their plays strictly on this principle. One of the marks of difference between Shakespeare and the rest is that he made his clowning relevant and they didn't. The scene in *Madam Satan* in which Angela is occluded by a counterpane and sat upon by Jimmy is excellent farce in its way. But the way is not remotely suited to Miss Kay Johnson who has enough dignity for Boadicea and Brünnhilde put together. This is a remarkable attribute in a screen actress and indeed I cannot at the moment recollect ever having seen any kind of dignity portrayed on the Hollywood screen before.

The film proper begins with a party which Jimmy subsequently gives on board his private airship. All the guests are supposed to come in fancy-dress, and I should guess that the show they make is quite as dazzling as that Three Arts Ball to which I have never been. Here for something like an half-an-hour there was a magnificent representation of all that is best in musical comedy—costume, lights, sparkle, and over-powering vitality. Then came a beauty-auction. The bids were to go to charity, and the young woman for whom the highest bid was made was to be proclaimed queen of the ball. Trixie, confident equally in the strength of Bob's pocket and affections, hoped to win this distinction when the mysterious Madam Satan appeared. The mephistophelian lady was, of course, Angela in disguise, and Miss Johnson surprised me by putting up a display of acting which would have been first class on the serious stage. She looked magnificent, and to act well beneath a mask argues presence, pose, poise, wealth of gesture, and expressive voice. All these Miss Johnson has at command, and her broken English was that of a true Parisian. It is perhaps unnecessary to debate whether Bob would or would not have recognized his wife, particularly since Mr. Denny, though he looks like a Viking, has a gift for conveying stupidity. Then came the storm during which, and prior to the airship breaking in two, everyone of Mr. Cecil B. de Mille's hundreds of supers made his or her escape in a parachute. The airship did not catch fire, nobody

received more than a scratch, and the whole spectacle was one to warm the hearts of those who believe that one of the functions of the cinema is to portray those grandiose things which couldn't happen, including impossible extrications from inconceivable predicaments. Apart from Miss Johnson's acting the honours of this really capital show went whole-heartedly to Mr. Roland Young, who contrived to be extremely funny. This new and welcome addition to screen favourites had the wit throughout to remain on the true comic plane without once descending to farce. His Jimmy Wade is one of those lambent idiots in whose countenance intelligence is always about to dawn. It never quite does, and if I know what obfuscation means, here is its genius. Mr. Denny is very heroic and all that, but one tires of him before the end. Producers on Mr. de Mille's scale must have a thousand eyes and ears, and I shall beg one of the latter to whisper to it that one of the best features of his film is the really admirable music, most of which is worth singing. I see in this film evidence of the decline of the all-talkie and the beginnings of hope that music in the cinema will once again come into its own.



IN "ABRAHAM LINCOLN": MISS KAY HAMMOND AND MR. WALTER HUSTON (LINCOLN)

Mr. Schenck, in conjunction with Mr. C. B. Cochran, presents this big talkie at the London Pavilion on February 16. Miss Kay Hammond plays Mary Todd, the lady whom Lincoln married after his first engagement to her had been broken off. It was by no means a happy union, and it is round this that the film revolves



CAPTAIN R. NORMAN, MR. AND MISS WILLIAMS-BULKELEY, AND MR. R. GORE



MRS. "BOY" WILSON WALKING WITH GENERAL METCALFE

At Gatwick

The February Meeting opened in cold, dry weather with not too bad going. Captain Norman's wife ran Amberwave, trained by Mr. R. Gore, in the Stewards' Chase, a four-mile event, in which none of the National horses distinguished themselves. Mr. and Miss Williams-Bulkeley are Mrs. Norman's son and daughter. Mrs. "Boy" Wilson is Miss Lexie Wilson's sister-in-law



COLONEL THE HON. GERALD FOLJAMBE AND HIS WIFE

Colonel Foljambe owns several good horses, and his Inverse started favourite for the Brook 'Chase. Baron Frankie de Tuyll also had a runner in the same event, which was won by Prince Cherry, thus completing a long-priced double for the owner of Aruntius. Mrs. C. Evans ran Alliteration in the Duxhurst Hurdle. This race provided a thrilling finish, Mr. Philip Kindersley's Blue Vinny winning by a head from Spectroscope. Mr. Kindersley and his brother are Sir Robert Kindersley's sons



MR. PHILIP KINDERSLEY, MRS. PAWSON, AND MR. DICK KINDERSLEY



BARON F. DE TUYLL AND MRS. EVANS

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

The ten days of good sport and scenting weather were obviously leading up to a cold snap of sorts, and on Thursday night a blizzard arrived making hunting out of the question on Friday, but so local was the snow that the Quorn were able to hunt on the Saturday. Most people had gone to fill in their time at the Repository, and one enthusiast learning there that hunting was possible had his horses and a pair of gaiters sent out in a horsebox, but he never found hounds who caught their fox after an hour's pretty hunt. Darkie and Barbara's horses are presumably 18 carat, as they appeared to be sold by the ounce and troy weight at that, but otherwise the market was bad, and Reggie hardly got a bid for his, good as they have shown themselves to be. In this connection it may be worth mentioning to those with horses to sell that the horse-trying season opens on February 1, and the expert generally makes it last till Melton races without buying anything.

Monday with the Quorn was a disappointment. After a longish wait at The Curate with everyone tee'd up for the departure of the old grey fox, an unlicked cub went away and disappeared in two fields, a source of annoyance to all but a dismounted equerry who might not have seen his horse again. A fox from Birchetts looked like going in the right direction, but losing his nerve went back through the crowd to Old Dalby, whence a very pretty if rather scrappy hunt took us to Goadby in the Belvoir country, leaving us too far away to draw again.

Tuesday at Oxhey Farm with the Cottesmore was a pestilential day, cold as an aunt's kiss, and the going like lowtide off Hungerford Stairs. Unluckily hounds settled on the bad one of the two foxes away from Launde, and the morning was spent within a mile of the covert and the afternoon in Owston Wood.

While welcoming the incoming Master and wishing him every success, it is with great regret that we learn of James' decision to give up after a very arduous and successful reign. Our best thanks to him for very many happy days, and also to Jim Welch, the most charming of men to go hunting with, who leaves us for the Blankney.

From the Beaufort

Monday, from Buston, hounds scored a very useful day and lots of fun was afforded over Mr. Pritchard's farm.

On Tuesday, from Leighterton, a very large field assembled, including some more visitors from U.S.A. We found immediately at Union Gorse. Oh, what a scramble for that first small gate. All sympathy to the gentlemen who came it at the first fence. We were kept on the move all day, but what twisty foxes. Charles, beware of the tarmac road. Next time choose a softer place. But we hear no bones were broken so all is well. On Wednesday from Castle Combe most of the day was spent in the hills; not much fun, blowing such a gale that one could hardly hear hounds, and very nearly got blown out of the plate.

Thursday from Bradenstoke was a real feather in our little huntsman's cap, as he accounted for a leash above ground. Rumour had it (that day) that a very prominent member of this hunt has been offered the mastership of a local pack. This may only have been a little "Bird's" story, which is not always true.

On Friday at Horton, with a biting north-east wind greeted us, and how nasty and fresh all our horses were, but we found a

nice straight-necked one waiting for us in Horton Bushes which took us a loop in the Vale and then up over the Bath Road straight to Centre Walk where scent failed. Then what a long trot back to draw, but Jack's port revived most of the field, and those who stayed out to the bitter end were rewarded with a real fast fifteen minutes, killing their fox in the open.

On Saturday we were at Lower Stanton. How arctic the weather, with snow falling in clouds, and little could be done, and as the day progressed it got worse and absolutely blinded horse and man. So at 1 o'clock Master gave the order for home; a wise decision, but bad luck for the week-enders.

From the Belvoir

Wednesday at Garthorpe with the Belvoir looked the most unpleasant of days with half a gale blowing, but scent was good up-wind, and the Colonel was unlucky to miss a really good day. Finding an outlier when looking for one (they are rarely there when you look for one, but always jump up during a hunt), hounds could run but moderately to Woodwell Head, the fox being headed so often that it was like miniature golf and other games, one minute you're in and the next minute you're

out. From Sproxtton Thorns, however, going away up-wind they ran a cracker as straight as a die to just outside Stapleford to ground. It was interesting to watch the entire field jump some wired rails into the last field without one mistake. From Newman's to Melton Spinney and back to Bouch's Folly finished the day, as unfortunately they were stopped off the beaten fox and got on to a fresh one.

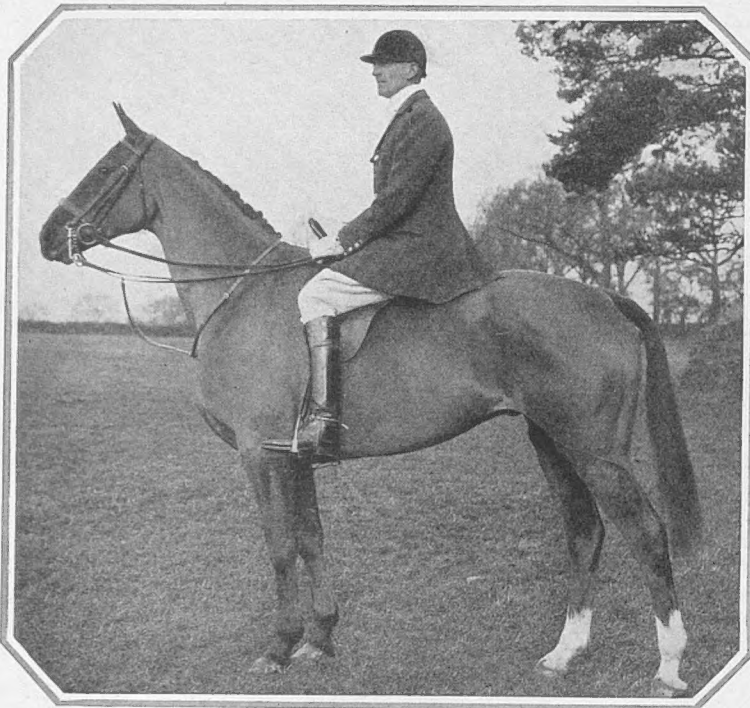
Saturday the whole place was under snow, giving rather a welcome respite.

From the Fernie

Shearsby on Monday was greeted in sunshine and the large field out enjoyed capital sport. The day opened at Peatling Covert with a brace of foxes who alternately beat the pack after brief darts out to Foston. Scent, or a too-pressing field, may have accounted for this disappointment. Our old huntsman, Arthur Thatcher, was welcomed on his busman's holiday and was crossing the country in familiar style. Charlie's Gorse becomes a sure find each time. Hounds ran from there with fine cry over

the Gilmorton enclosures and killed at the covert. Thirty minutes good from John Ball over the pick of our Monday country by way of Mowesley and Knaptoft ended with the pilot making his get-away in Jane Ball. Lord Ebury is again *hors de combat*; real bad luck just when finding his form after last season's accident. There was a record gathering at Shangton on Thursday. Amongst our visitors were several past and present Masters who included Lady Harrington, Colonel Milvain, and "Leslie" Jones, both well mounted by Ernest; and Mr. Lucas. Ted Leader represented racing, and Prince Kinsky, who came with the Meltonians' Polo. Hounds ran the very best from Tamboro, reaching a seven-mile point beyond Barkby Holt. Falls were frequent over this stiff line which tailed off the field in all directions at the pace the pack travelled. The long man with the "Snaffles" figure stood out from the crowd and ladies were well to the fore. It was a pleasure to see the Squire of Langton Hall in the saddle as of yore in contrast to the small Emanuel boy on his first pony. Snow and frost stopped hunting at Allextion on Saturday.

(Continued on p. iv)



CAPTAIN MAURICE KINGSCOTE: THE MASTER-ELECT OF THE CRICKLADE (V.W.H.)

The news that Captain Maurice Kingscote, for some years past field master to the Beaufort, has been elected Master of the Cricklade in succession to Lieut.-Colonel Fuller and Captain Colville came as a surprise to some people. There is no better man to hounds than Captain Kingscote and very few better horsemen

THE BRITISH RACING DRIVERS' DINNER



THE PRESIDENT AND SOME OTHERS—BY FRED MAY

Lord Howe, who is President of the British Racing Drivers' Club (motors of course!), was in the chair at the club's annual dinner and dance at the Park Lane Hotel, and no one could have been chosen better qualified to fill the bill. There was not a lot of speechifying, the Loyal toasts, the Guests, and the Chairman being the list. Mr. K. Lee Guinness, the Vice-President, proposed the Guests, and Sir Harold Bowden replied. Mrs. G. M. Stewart, the racing motorist, was presented by Lord Howe with a gold cigarette case as a special award for having set up a new world's speed record for a car driven by a woman. This was 137 miles an hour, which she achieved on the Monthéry track, near Paris, shortly before Christmas. The legend on it said that it was in recognition of "a damned good show"!

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

A Novel Which Lacks "Surprise."

IN life one becomes dreadfully weary of the people who put everything in the window and keep nothing in the shop. They are good company at a cocktail party, but inexpressibly dreary during any period longer than a long weekend. Their joy lies in the fact that you get to know them quickly; their boresome quality in the fact that you never get to know them any better after that, simply because there is nothing else to get to know. They have turned themselves so successfully into a "type" that you might as well be conversing with a waxwork figure with just one gramophone record eternally grinding away inside them. Naturally, of course, these people have hosts of friends. They have to have hosts of friends, because if they reserved themselves for a few only these few would scream at their approach. Merely in front of a perpetually changing audience can they achieve something akin to repeated successes. In the minds of their familiars they are as uncomfortable company as a comedian who has never changed his stock of jokes since, peradventure, he made royalty laugh at a distant charity performance. Which failure to enthrall after first acquaintance is the disappointment of "Night in the Hotel" (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Eliot Crawshaw-Williams. The story is cleverly written. It is readable. But the net effect is one of somewhat surprising flatness considering it is so very easy to read. It is rather difficult to say exactly where the novel fails in its effect. I think, perhaps, its fault lies in the fact that all the characters introduced to us in the first chapters, while lunching in the dining-room of a Riviera hotel of the second grade, so live later on up to their type that there need have been no later on at all, so far as psychological surprise enters into the story's interest. We have met them all before. They do exactly the same things as they have always done. The acidulated spinster is of course acidulated on account of sex-suppression. The middle-class elderly husband has the usual middle-class elderly affairs. The male Adonis seeks to seduce at sight. The two girl friends include one "Well of Loneliness" and another who has never been a well, and has become bored by that particular kind of loneliness. The old invalid lady is heroic, as old invalid ladies often are, except when they are hell's harridans. And so it is with all the characters of the book. The author assembles them one morning in the dining-room of the hotel, describes them to us, and then, so to speak, asks us to accompany him while he follows each one into his or her bed-room, where the story behind the mask is told to us in detail. Unfortunately the masks we know already, and also we know exactly the kind of story which too often hides that particular kind of mask according to novelists. It is psychology of the easiest and most familiar kind. This gives the novel a certain commonplace atmosphere which no amount of careful character-drawing can altogether hide. Rather as if one were introduced into a room full of people bent upon telling us the full story of their lives, but with nothing very new to tell. Even the pathological explanation of their individual fate is over-familiar. As we know their type, so we seem already to have heard their story before. They belong to the unusual which we have long since got used to.

The Gipsy Heroine.

THE first part of Lady Eleanor Smith's novel, "Flamenco" (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), is the most actual; it is also the best. It is the description of a family of gipsies during their wanderings through Spain. Eventually, however, the family migrate to England on their way to America. There, in Devonshire, the baby girl, Camila, is bought and adopted by an Englishman who, forced to flee from London on account of cheating at cards, had sought refuge with his wife and children, two boys and a girl, in an old house on Dartmoor. Camila is educated by Richard Lovell as his own child, for what reason it is difficult to guess, except that he was himself an eccentric, and his wife a disappointed woman and a secret drunkard. All goes fairly well until Camila is about sixteen. Then she is almost seduced by her foster-father while being loved by, and loving, his younger son, Evelyn. She escapes, however, only to rejoin a company

of travelling gipsies, where she is properly seduced this time by one of them, and gives birth to a dead child. Later on she returns to the Lovell family and marries Evelyn. Later on still she ceases to love Evelyn, whose character certainly changes after a visit to London, and falls in love with Harry, his brother, by whom she has a child which for some time she passes off as the child of her husband. All this, however, is only the sketchy outline of a story which is packed with incident, all more or less melodramatic. Richard, the wild-natured, elderly libertine; his wife a vindictive drunkard, who is nevertheless a pathetic figure through the sheer loneliness and disappointment of her life; Harry, strong, passionate, uncouth; Evelyn, weak, refined, and over-sexed; the back-ground, Dartmoor, with its beauty, its solitude, its remoteness from the outer world as it was known a hundred years ago; all these primitive colours in human character and surroundings Lady Eleanor Smith paints with a literary brush which cares little for light and shade, but glories in metaphorical blacks and whites, scarlets and yellows. Much of the writing, especially when she draws the environment of her characters, is brilliant. Always the story too is interesting, in a melodramatic way. Only half way through the book there dawns upon one's consciousness the realization that this is the stage rather than life. Granted

that people spoke and acted somewhat differently a hundred years ago, I doubt if they spoke so greatly in the stilted language of make-believe, or acted with such deliberate intention regarding the "big scene." Theatrically speaking, they are extremely effective; actually they never come properly "alive." They are dominated by a desire for dramatic and perhaps horrible effect. With the result that one desires to applaud or hiss them, without believing in them for an instant. The novel is certainly very clever writing, but it misses genius by a long way. Compare, it, for example, to "Wuthering Heights." It is as stage-scenery and stage-players by comparison. Nevertheless, it is a novel of imagination, and so is notable.

William J. Locke at his best.

I don't mind swallowing as many improbabilities as may be, always providing the story is a good one in spite of them. The pain, however, of so many novels is that one has to swallow improbabilities and rub mental shoulders with a host of silly

(Continued on p. 222)



Bassano

LADY SQUIRES, M.H.A., AND HER DAUGHTER, ROSEMARY

Of the many distinguished guests at the Imperial Conference none was more deservedly popular than the charming and able wife of the Prime Minister of Newfoundland, the Hon. Sir Richard Squires. Lady Squires is both a Prime Minister's wife and a Member of the House of Assembly, winning her constituency of Lewisporte by a huge majority

A FUTURE THRUSTER!

By George Belcher



Mrs. White: 'Ow's yor boy gettin' on, Mrs. Green

Mrs. Green: Oh, 'e's very quick; the teacher says when 'e leaves school and goes on the dole 'e'll be at the 'ead of the queue

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

people for the sake of a story which has neither charm nor wit, nor any even passing interest. I can pay the late Mr. Locke's last novel, "The Shorn Lamb" (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), no greater compliment, therefore, than by saying it is one of his better stories in spite of an improbability which, among all improbabilities, I find the most difficult to digest. I mean the success of impersonation. I really cannot believe that even twins can be so successfully mistaken one for the other, that even people who live with one of them year in, year out, are deceived when the other takes his place. Upon this, nevertheless, Mr. Locke has built up his last story, and the story is such a charming one that even the thesis doesn't, metaphorically speaking, stick in one's throat to choke one's interest in it at any moment of its 326 pages. Which only goes to prove once again that the author of "The Beloved Vagabond" and nearly two score other novels was one of the best story-tellers of his day. His successes were many and deserved. Each story, as it came out, triumphed over the fact that most of his heroes were "brothers" under their skin and all his heroines were "sisters"; that whenever he ventured upon melodrama—as he has again done in this, his last novel—he was never in the least bit convincing, and the style in which each story was written was identical and the environments very much the same. His humour, his charm, his humanity never palled; while as a story-teller he was almost without a rival even among experts at the game. "The Shorn Lamb" is as good as any he wrote and a great deal better than at least half a dozen. This, too, in spite of the difficulty of making mistaken identity anything other than a tiresome make-believe. When Brotherton Drake, honest, lovable, but ne'er-do-well, reached England after many years spent abroad, his first visit was to his elder twin-brother, the rich, respectable, and seemingly highly conventional Sir Michael Drake. Sir Michael, however, suffered from a weak heart, and such was his disgust at his brother's unexpected arrival that he had an attack and fell dead. There was no one in the flat except the two brothers; so, while looking for certain papers, Brotherton Drake came upon his brother's will which proved that he himself was completely disinherited. This will he destroyed. Thereupon he changed into his brother's clothes, pretended that the dead man was himself, and stepped into the life and shoes of Sir Michael Drake. The shoes were not uncomfortable, but the life opened up a whole chapter of complications. For the dead Sir Michael had not been nearly so respectable as he had pretended, being at the moment of his death the actual co-respondent in a future divorce suit besides being the victim of blackmail due to being a secret spy during the War in the pay of Germany. Into all this Brotherton stepped when he became "Sir Michael," and an already complicated experiment became one of real danger and ignominy. You may not really believe that the dead man's own butler should have been taken in by this imposture, still less that the woman the dead man loved should have been equally deceived. These things don't matter—at least in Mr. Locke's hands. His story interests and amuses you from the very beginning and the interest and amusement never falter. Moreover it has this

unique (so far as I can recollect) quality—it ends with the hero in prison! Nevertheless he is perfectly happy; because, after all, what is three-and-a-half-year's sentence when a devoted and delightful wife is left at home busy with her first baby while awaiting her husband's release?

Thoughts from "The Shorn Lamb."

"Every woman's temperament, or whatever you call it, is her own standard."

"It's much better for a man's self-respect for him to feel himself actively hated than treated with a sort of passive contempt."

"Nothing can be more magnificent than going through hell with a proud and defiant soul. It is the only path to a victorious exit."

He Would be a Murderer.

If the villain of Christopher Bush's story, "Murder at Fenwold" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), had studied the newspapers he would have realized that the safest way to murder anybody is to hit them on the head with a hammer in some public place

like the middle of Piccadilly. The likelihood, then, will be that he will die at the age of ninety unsuspected, and so of course undetected. They are always the knee-deep plotters who get found out. In murder the easiest way is apparently the safer. Consequently the killer of Cosmo Revere was simply asking to be found out when after much preparation he dropped a big stone on his victim from a tree and stupidly forgot to scrub it first. To make matters worse for himself he so



Husband (arriving home late): M'dear, you'll never guess where I've been t'night—
Wife (grimly): Oh yes I can, but go on—I'll hear your yarn first!

contrived appearances that it looked as if Revere had been killed by a tree while in the act of felling it. A needless effort in production. Alas, however, poor Revere hadn't much of a chance. Besides being the victim of murder, quite another band of criminals were at the same time stealing his first editions and priceless Chippendale furniture. The poor man was destined for a bloody end. Nor had Franklin, the private detective who was drawn in to solve all these mysteries, an easy task. Especially as he was forbidden to make any public scandal while trying to do so. No wonder he suspected almost everybody in the district in turn. All of them had more or less murky pasts. Only, of course, in that, knowing detective stories for what they are, lay the sure probability of their innocence. As, however, the whole interest of the tale lies purely in the art of detecting, it would be unfair to give you even one small hint of the mystery's solution. Anyway, there is no love interest to distract you. It is quite a good yarn; not perhaps of the very first grade, but high up in the super-seconds.

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

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AT THE PLAY!



IN "AFTER ALL": PHYL (MISS MADELEINE CARROLL) AND MRS. THOMAS (MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE)



ANOTHER SCENE IN "AFTER ALL": GRETA (MISS JEANNE STUART) AND RALPH (MR. ROBERT DOUGLAS)



"THE IMPROPER DUCHESS": MR. FRANK CELLIER (AUGUSTUS X OF POLDAVIA) AND MISS YVONNE ARNAUD (THE DUCHESS OF TANN) HIS BEAUTIFUL "FAVOURITE"



THE SENATOR BERNARD J. CORCORAN (MR. HARTLEY POWER) IN A BUSY MOMENT WITH THE IMPROPER AND VERY CHARMING DUCHESS (MISS YVONNE ARNAUD)

Mr. John Van Druten's "After All," produced at the Criterion, is the play of the hour, and has had a reception which perhaps is best described as "mixed," for some people do not like the companionate marriage incident which is one of the leading features. This little arrangement into which Phyl (Miss Madeleine Carroll) enters with a married man (Mr. Martin Lewis) ends quite "respectably" after two years in a real marriage and four children. Miss Lilian Braithwaite is Phyl's ideal mother and is seen at a moment when the situation seems to be rather getting her down. Ralph the son (Mr. Robert Douglas) decides to be an artist in Chelsea and marries a cabaret dancer who quickly gets fed up with him and levants. Mr. Ralph Douglas gets good marks for his acting. Miss Yvonne Arnaud is having any amount of fun as the beautiful and scheming mistress of Augustus X of Poldavia in Mr. J. B. Fagan's new play, "The Improper Duchess," at the Globe. The play is dealt with in caricature and otherwise in our theatrical pages, "The Passing Show"



CAPTAIN AND MRS. ERIC SAUNDERS

Aboard the U.S.S.S. "Leviathan," in which they are making a round the world tour. Captain Saunders is the prospective Conservative candidate for South Derby, and Mrs. Saunders was one of the first women to get an air pilot's certificate

The Air Ministry and the Government put almost every obstacle that could be thought of in her way, but she refused to be defeated by defeatism, the most virulent outbreak of this neo-Georgian disease ever experienced in England. When the Air Ministry found to its astonishment that it might be forced to run the race after all, it hastily reviewed the situation and added some £20,000 on to the original estimate of the cost of the defence—presumably just to make it more difficult, or else at the bidding of the Treasury. But Lady Houston was not dismayed. She told the Prime Minister that she would guarantee whatever sum he considered necessary. It was a shock for the Government which had reckoned without such patriotic action and now found itself in the position of professing Socialism and accepting the assistance of a private individual in a national enterprise. It is to be hoped that Lady Houston's generosity will never be forgotten and that some means of perpetuating the memory of her action will be found. She not only saved Great Britain from letting the trophy go by default, but she also saved it from the accusation of discourtesy and from further reiterations of the suggestion that the country is "played out."

The aviation world at large did not do much to deserve such generosity. Instead of showing a united front it permitted itself the luxury of internal bickering. The Royal Aero Club was blamed, and at the time I felt that the blame was justified, but now, thinking over the course of events more coolly, I think that the club did everything that it could do to see that Great

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Lady Houston.

LADY HOUSTON, by coming forward while the Government were delaying and the Royal Aero Club were praying, and personally guaranteeing the £100,000 said to be necessary for financing the British defence of the Schneider Trophy, has earned the gratitude of everyone interested in aviation and in the world prestige of this country.

Britain defended the trophy. Had the club attempted to obtain money for defending the trophy early in 1930, when the likelihood of French and Italian entries could not be assessed, its efforts would have failed. The public would not have responded to a National subscription appeal, as they might have done—had the necessity arisen—during the last few weeks. In 1930 they had not then been aroused emotionally, for there was no crisis, no urgency, no outcry. Similarly it would have been hard to plead effectively for Air Ministry assistance at that time. In fact the more the action of the Royal Aero Club is studied the more correct does it appear.

At any rate it seems definite as I write that the race will be held in British waters in August or September, and that Great Britain will defend, probably with three Supermarine monoplanes with Rolls-Royce engines. There may still be another obstructionist move on the part of some department of Government, but it is now unlikely. So it will be Lady Houston versus the massed forces of the Governments of France and Italy. And Lady Houston has not only provided the money, but she has also indicated the spirit in which we must act if we are to win. Her message to Sir Philip Sassoon contained the words, "Do it now; *do it this morning.*" This should be the slogan (using that word in its earlier sense) with which we ought to enter the contest.

Who and What.

Two books which must be in the hands, on the shelves, on the tables, or wherever they keep their books (I find the floor the most convenient place—it provides a permanent argument against spring cleaning), of all who are interested in aeronautics, have lately reached me. They are "All the World's Aircraft," edited by Mr. C. T. Grey, and compiled by Mr. Leonard Bridgman, and "Who's Who in British Aviation," edited by Mr. T. Stanhope Sprigg and Mr. A. J. Thompson. "All the World's Aircraft" is sufficiently well known; it costs two guineas and is worth four. It is well produced and trustworthy, a veritable aeronautical apocalypse.

The Scottish Flying Club.

Good work has been done by the Scottish Flying Club during 1930, as some figures which have just reached me show. The club now has 456 members of whom seventy-eight are pilots. It trained twenty-three pilots during the year and did 1,415 hrs. flying. It has four aeroplanes. It is a fine record and compares well with the records, already given, of other clubs. While on the subject of club statistics I may draw attention to some figures I have received from the Cinque Ports Club. They show an average petrol consumption for all their aircraft during 1930 of about 20 miles to the gallon. The oil consumption averaged 6949 qt. an hour, the oil being our old friend Castrol XXL and the engines Cirrus. The best average petrol consumption for any one aircraft during the period was 25 miles to the gallon. These figures show that the claims of light aeroplane manufacturers are not exaggerated. The gliding display by Mr. Lowe-Wylde at Hanworth

was a success. Two machines were used and were towed by motor-cars. On one occasion Mr. Lowe-Wylde climbed on the end of the cable to between 300 and 400 ft., and, after releasing the cable, made a complete circuit of the aerodrome and landed at his point of departure. Towing by motor-car seems a good way of obtaining initial experience for gliding and sail-planing.



AUTOGRAPHING THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE'S 'PLANE

The wing is that of the 'plane in which the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce made her plucky flight from England to Japan, and the picture was taken in Los Angeles. The names, left to right, are: Mrs. Cleaver, Miss Edna May Cooper, the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, and Miss Bobbie Trout. Miss Bobbie Trout and Miss Edna May Cooper are holders of the women's endurance flight record, and Mrs. Adelaide S. Cleaver the British aviatrix. Mrs. Cleaver was going the other way when the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce was flying eastward



Bertram Park, Dover Street

THE VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH

A recent portrait of the wife of Viscount Weymouth, who is the only surviving son of the Marquess of Bath. The elder son was killed in action in 1916. Lady Weymouth, who is a daughter of Lord Vivian, was married in 1927 and was then the Hon. Daphne Vivian. Lord Weymouth is in the Wilts Yeomanry, of which the Marquess of Bath was at one time Lieut.-Colonel Commanding. Lord and Lady Weymouth have one child, a daughter, the Hon. Caroline Thynne, who was born in 1928



THE PASSING SHOWS : "The Improper Duchess," at the Globe Theatre



"GOOD-NIGHT, TOU-TOU—SLEEP WELL!"

TOM TITT

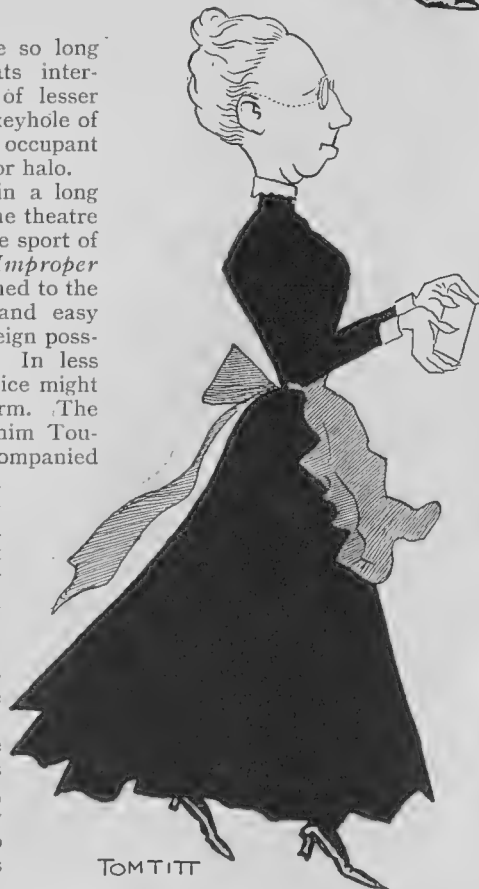
Thus the Duchess (Miss Yvonne Arnaud) to her unofficial consort, King Augustus of Poldavia (Mr. Frank Cellier). He has dined (well) with the Oil Kings, whose purchase of concessions are necessary to float the Poldavian loan. The reason for this hasty good-night is concealed in the suit of armour—Senator Corcoran, to wit, who threatens to kibosh the oil deal by enforcing the Purity law

RURITANIA is not a spent force so long as that spot-light which beats intermittently upon the thrones of lesser kings can filter through the keyhole of the royal boudoir and catch the august occupant in the state of wearing neither crown nor halo.

Mr. James B. Fagan from whom, in a long and varied experience, no secrets of the theatre are hid, has turned to Ruritania and the sport of Kings for his new comedy, *The Improper Duchess*. But the sport is not confined to the frontiers of Poldavia. In that free and easy country the fact that the reigning sovereign possessed a mistress mattered nothing. In less enlightened monarchies the King's choice might have caused both indignation and alarm. The lady who stroked his forehead, called him Tou-Tou, laughed at his stupidity and accompanied him everywhere, was none other than the Duchess of Tann, wife of the Chancellor. If the Chancellor didn't mind—as a business man that complaisant dodderer was no match for the lively Duchess with whom he was on the best of terms—why should the Poldavians? They understood.

In these circumstances Poldavia was hardly the place for a display of those shock-tactics, executed with every ounce of wide-eyed innocence, at Miss Yvonne Arnaud's command. Miss Arnaud's mission is to devastate and yet disarm, to say outrageous things as if they meant nothing, to juggle with virtue, to camouflage infidelity into something as innocuous as a Sunday-school story.

Half the relish of a situation is its environment. A queen in a night club is worth half-a-dozen in the throne-room. A king in his pyjamas is better value than a score in coronation robes.



TOM TITT

BRITISH AND PROUD OF IT

Gunning (Miss Winifred Oughton) is the Duchess's maid and puts no faith in parsons or hotel detectives in a land where a guy "shoots as easily as he spits"

The sharpest background for royalty is democracy. A puritan atmosphere is the ideal setting for easy virtue. Wherefore King Augustus of Poldavia (Mr. Frank Cellier) and his *chère amie* are pitchforked into both by a cunning author, and the affair resolves itself into a penetrating satire of American citizens hovering between the law and the profits, the whole intrigue enlivened by a bedroom scene with a Gallic sting of naughtiness tactfully contriving, like Gilbert's bean, to be "not too French."

The King and the Duchess are in Washington to launch the Poldavian loan, by selling the Poldavian oil-fields to a powerful corporation headed by as tough a pair of Big Business guys as ever signed along the dotted line. The agreement is ready for signature when a bombshell is dropped in the Embassy by the proprietor of the Paradise Hotel. Two United States citizens, occupying rooms on the same floor and chancing to stroll along the balcony at a late hour, have blundered into the Duchess's bedroom and there beheld a spectacle of appalling turpitude. Before a cheval glass and the eyes of Senator Corcoran (Mr. Hartley Power), and that fiery pillar of Puritanism, the Rev. Adam B. Macadam (Mr. John Laurie), Western depravity flaunts itself in shameful abandon. While the Duchess sits up in bed, laughing intemperately and beating time upon the bed-clothes, the king, in golden pyjamas, dances the Black Bottom with a noticeable absence of skill and rhythm.

By American law, all unmarried persons occupying rooms in a hotel or boarding house are under obligation to pack their trunks and quit. The Senator and his Reverence propose to enforce the law. The hotel proprietor is distraught; the Embassy staff are bereft of counsel. By four o'clock the King and the Duchess must leave their hotel, otherwise the



THE INFORMERS

The Rev. Adam Macadam (Mr. John Laurie) and Senator Corcoran (Mr. Hartley Power)

police and the press will be informed and the law set in motion. And the Poldavian loan will be irretrievably scuppered.

The two Puritans arrive with an agreement in which the law-breakers, admitting their guilt, are referred to as "the said delinquents" and bind themselves to get out of the country and stay out. Any future oil deal is specifically vetoed. The delinquents have no option; they sign.

That night the Duchess plays a lone hand in a game in which, by Poldavian standards, all is lost except honour. His Reverence and the Senator attend a *pourparler* in her bedroom while the King is dining with the Oil Magnates. Her blandishments rebound from the Macadam, like pebbles from a wall. Mr. Corcoran, being a bachelor and, in local parlance, a sport, is otherwise affected. So much so that he returns, after the Duchess has retired to bed, to resume the negotiations *à deux*. Abetted by champagne and caviare sandwiches the atmosphere mellows. The Duchess is aware that the Senator has oil fields of his own; that he is an interesting, as well as an interested party. The Senator, his pulses stirring, expresses his regret at not having played the game, but indicates his willingness to play another. The Black Bottom incident, he explains, was a put-up job. Rooms adjoining the royal suite were booked well in advance of the King's arrival. The Rev. Macadam was a blind. The moral scruples of that preacher of hell-fire in Kansas City formed a smoke-screen behind which an amateur in oil could train his guns on the Big Men who had played him false.

But now he was relenting. He hadn't played fair because he hadn't seen the Duchess, who at that moment was in *négligée*. Here, anyway, was the agreement signed by herself and the King; permit him to return it as a gesture to chivalry. As for the Rev. Macadam, the golden pyjamas had presented him with an idea. How about a golden temple, a two-million dollar church, to replace that gentleman's ten-cent shanty? No preacher deserved a richer shrine for his eloquence and no place needed the urge to repentance more than Kansas City. In the morning . . .

Just then the King returns, well wined and in companionable mood. The Duchess will have none of him. Where shall the Senator hide? The hotel detective is patrolling the balcony with orders to shoot first and ask questions afterwards. Strictly speaking there is no need to hide the Senator at all; the business on hand can go no further till the morning. But this is a bedroom scene, even though the bed itself is shut off by a swiftly-moving arras, and the moment calls for dalliance. The stratagem of concealing a silent knight in a suit of armour is probably as old as the Crusades, but no one will cavil at its re-employment. That a warm welcome follows the order of release one takes for granted.

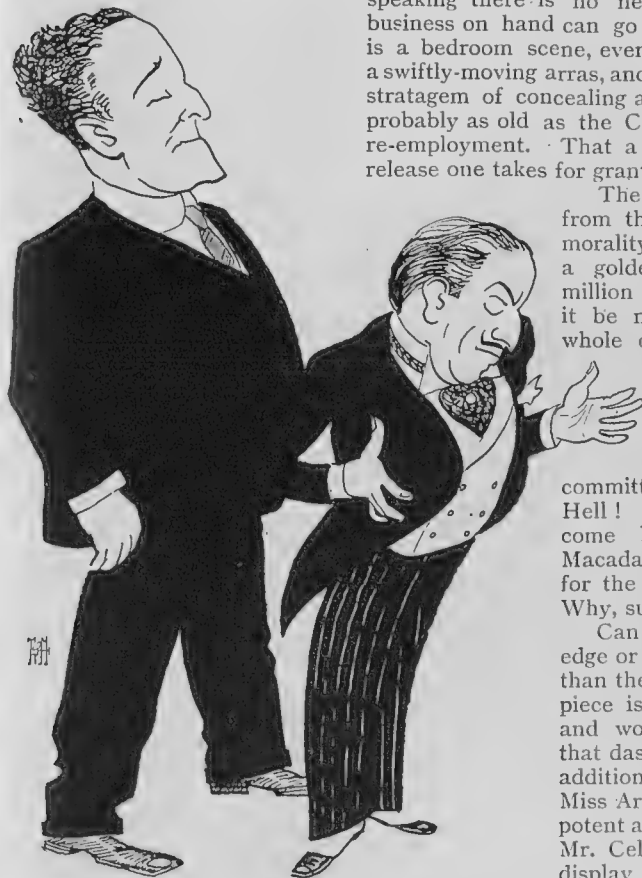
The best moments of the last Act come from the Rev. Macadam wrestling between morality's pound of flesh and a golden vision of a two-million dollar church. Would it be necessary to spend the whole of the money on the building? Certainly not; there would be an endowment fund. Need the fund be administered by a committee? Committee? Hell! Could temple and income be entailed so that Macadam junior, now studying for the ministry . . . ? Why, sure.

Can satire take a keener edge or find a broader target than the dollar complex? The piece is a happy blend of wit and workmanship, with just that dash of spice to act as an additional box-office *apéritif*. Miss Arnaud's sorcery is more potent and personal than ever; Mr. Cellier gives a matchless display of jovial obtuseness, and Mr. Hartley Power's skill in tempering toughness with charm tunes both comedy and satire to perfect pitch. The rest of a strong cast distinguish themselves. If this is America, it's O.K. by me. "TRINCULO."



THE OIL MAGNATES

The President (Mr. Milton Lee) and the Vice-President (Mr. George Ide) of the I.O.C. are forced to endow a church for his reverence and let the Senator into the oil deal. Honour and big business are thus satisfied



THE SILENT AND THE TALKIE

The hotel detective (Mr. Harry J. Clifford) and the proprietor (Mr. Andrea Melandrino) deliver the ultimatum demanding the immediate departure of the King and the Duchess. "The said delinquents," being unmarried, have broken the law by staying together at the same hotel



PILLARS OF DIPLOMACY

The Poldavian First Secretary (Mr. Frank Cochran) and the Ambassador to Washington (Mr. Eugene Leahy) can find no counter-stroke to save the situation

THE DAY'S SPORT



WITH THE MEATH AT MOYGLARE: LADY
ATHLUMNEY ON A FAVOURITE HUNTER
Poole, Dublin



LADY HARRINGTON, M.F.H., AND MR.
'JIMMY' CLARKE WITH FERNIE'S
Bale



IN CO. WICKLOW: LADY MERIEL
AND LADY MAUREEN BRABAZON
Poole, Dublin



AT A FERNIE FIXTURE: COLONEL
STEWART GEMMELL OF PEATLING
Bale



SIR EDMOND AND LADY
HODSON AT KILRUDDERY
Poole, Dublin

When the camera goes hunting it invariably has a good day's sport, for its quarry cannot escape. Lady Athlumney, who was viewed on the day the Meath met at Moyglare, has some very good horses and thoroughly enjoys pursuing Ireland's premier pack. Her house, Somerville, on the beautifying of which she has spent a lot of money, is in the heart of the Meath country. Lady Maureen Brabazon had a very bad fall last season with the Limerick, and so far has only been able to follow operations on foot, but her sister, Lady Meriel, was riding when the Bray Harriers met at Lord Meath's Irish home. Lady Meriel is one of this year's débutantes, and a dance is to be given for her at the Ritz on February 17. Captain Sir Edmond and Lady Hodson, who also met the Bray Harriers at Kilruddery, are near neighbours of Lord and Lady Meath, and live at Holybrooke. The remaining two snapshots were taken at Fernie appointments. This famous Hunt was delighted to welcome Lady Harrington, whose mastery of her late husband's hounds is proving very popular. Colonel Stewart Gemmell of Peatling Hall, near Lutterworth, is a well-known member of Fernie's. He has recently been made a Deputy-Lieutenant for Leicestershire

WHO'S WHO WITH THE QUORN



A CONVERSATIONAL INTERLUDE: MISS PAMELA SCHREIBER (right) TALKING TO MISS MARJORIE LEIGH AND THE HON. DIANA FELLOWES



THE HON. MRS. GEORGE LAMBTON (right) AND A SUGGESTION OF THE HON. MRS. CRIPPS

The above snapshot and the others on this page were taken when the Quorn were at Widmerpool New Inn last week. Miss Schreiber, who hunts with the East Angles when she is at home, is Lord Farnham's grand-daughter. Her companions, too, are popular features of Leicester hunting circles.



CAPTAIN DE PRET AND PRINCE KINSKY



LADY WINIFRED BUTLER, MISS NANCIE WHEELER, AND MISS BOUSKELL

The Quorn had 'quite' a good day from Widmerpool New Inn in spite of moderate scent, the bitches showing great persistence with a fox from Bridget's covert, which provided an eight-mile point before getting to ground at Goadby. Colonel the Hon. Freddie Cripp's wife was as usual in a leading position. Prince Kinsky is a descendant of Count Karl Kinsky, who won the National in 1883 on his mare Zoedone and was one of the most famous G.R.'s of that time. Lady Winifred Butler is the only sister of the Earl of Lanesborough.

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER,—Our very paternal *Préfet de Police*, M. Jean Chiappe, who is most solicitous for our welfare, has decided that Paris is too noisy. He has therefore declared war against open exhausts (loud cheers . . . or perhaps quiet ones would be better) pianos-after-11-p.m., carpet-beating before 7 a.m. (6 in summer), and loud-speakers that can be heard from the street. Hooters and sirens may not be used by motorists after midnight (flash on your head-lights at corners and crossings instead) and factory whistles may not endure, at any time, for longer than twelve seconds . . . which is perhaps rather hard on sound sleepers trying to cheat the time-clock. For all this we are truly grateful, but alas, the sentimentalists amongst us are saddened by the thought that all the old "cries" of Paris are condemned also. The old clo'man may no longer bellow his melodious "*marchaaaaaaaand d'habits*," the porcelain mender's whistle will no longer trill, nor will the scissors-and-knives-to-grind man disturb us with his little bell, and this, I think, is a pity. I do not suppose that we shall really miss them very much, for in the turmoil of the city their cries passed almost unnoticed; now, however, that we are reminded about them we shall listen again and we shall listen in vain!

This reminds me that I did not tell you, for at the time it happened I had so many other things to think about, of the delightful party I went to at Jennie Dolly's lovely country house near Fontainebleau. It was *really* Christmassy, if you know what I mean, and it was given for the sake of her two adopted babies who, till this year, had never seen a Christmas tree in all their short lives. They were put to bed at five o'clock reassured by the solemn promise that their beloved "Mamoutcha Jennie" would wake them at the first sound of Father Christmas' sledge bells. At midnight when a stately Christmas tree, laden with presents and lights and sparkling with frosted decorations had been lighted up, they were called . . . already the bells were tinkling in the distance—a devoted gardener had a most artistic touch, quite a reindeer cadence!—nearer and nearer they sounded coming closer and closer to the house. You ought to have seen the babies, open-eyed and open-mouthed with excitement, the one fair and blue-eyed, the other as dark as Jennie herself, and when with a final flourish the sledge apparently stopped just outside, and Father Christmas (Papa Dolly) made his entrance in the traditional scarlet and white with flowing hair and beard under the snow-flaked cap, they nearly fell flat on their little sit-upons with astonishment and joy!

They were just a little intimidated perhaps, but they welcomed him with all the charming manners that Jennie has taught them, for they are a most unspoiled little couple despite the luxury that surrounds them. Soon they were helping him to unload his presents . . . presents for everybody and especially, demanded the babies "for the gardener's children"! But papa Dolly, somewhat melted by the warmth of his disguise, had to be released before the children noticed his absence, and so while their notice was attracted elsewhere he vanished and the bells were heard again outside, close at first and then farther and farther away . . . fading into the distance and then silence. The babies soon grew drowsy once more and were carried back to bed where reality became a dream (it is usually the other way round with us grown-ups, alas) so that the babies' first Christmas will have given them the loveliest of memories to grow up with. We finished the night in the usual gay French *réveillon* manner. A merry party. There were

Miss Sophie Tucker, Mr. Gordon Selfridge with his daughter and son-in-law, the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Sibour, Mr. Al Tucker, Mr. Julius Dolly—and of course Rosie—Mr. Irving Netcher, M. Roger Cocteau, and Mr. and Mrs. Troof. . . . After supper there were games and dancing and lots of fun. We missed Jennie after a while only to find her curled up in an armchair between the babies' cots in the night nursery as fast asleep as they were, an example that we followed, . . . but not in the same armchair.

I went, this afternoon, to see Jean - Gabriel Domergue's most recent portraits in his studio at the rue Pergolèse. Such gorgeous creatures has he painted. A great canvas of Mrs. Owen Scott, with her black and white borzois, is one of the finest things that he has done of late, that and also the portrait of Mme. Heriot, the famous yachts-woman who represented France at the last Olympic games; he has portrayed her in a white evening frock against a marine background, a rough navy-blue great coat slung over one shoulder revealing the orders she has the right to wear above her heart: it is a most fascinating composition. There are some adorable nudes also and a lovely head *en profile* of that curious and strangely beautiful little cinema actress, Edith Méra, who has the most lovely line from chin to high-placed tiny ear that I have ever seen.

All the world was at the studio of course, from André de Fouquières whose own portrait, by Czedekowski, painted with his brother, Pierre Beck de Fouquières, was one of the most striking canvases of last year's Salon, to the newest Mlle. France, a charming and very young soul from the provinces who is still as gauche and delightfully shy (it will soon wear off, alas!) as she is beautiful and perfect of shape; happy, happy child! or, at least, one *hopes* so.—With love, T.C., PRISCILLA.



Mlle. MARIA CORDA

A recent impression of the famous Hungarian film star, who made her début in motion pictures in Vienna, but was annexed by Hollywood almost at once, and has been there since 1927



Mlle. GABRIELLE DOREY AT THE HOTEL MAJESTIC, NICE

A recent picture of the famous Grand Opera prima donna in Nice. It is related that M. Merle-Forest promised her an ocean of his famous perfumes if she would but sing. The Majestic and the Palais de Méditerranée are the two most splendacious hotels in the South of France

A LADY OF TITLE IN "EVER GREEN"



THE BARONESS BORTELEKY

Under the name of Valerie Blanca, the Baroness Borteley appears in Mr. Cochran's "Ever Green" at the Adelphi Theatre as a show girl. The Baroness derives her title from an ancient Austro-Hungarian family, and her great uncle was the famous Franz Deak, Prime Minister to the Emperor Franz-Joseph. In the cataclysm of the War the family fortunes vanished, and the young Baroness was thrown on the world and her own resources, and eventually became Mrs. Jones and the daughter-in-law of Henry Arthur Jones, the great novelist and play-wright. She first attacked the films, and for four years played in Berlin in the Ufa Studios. Then she went on to Hollywood, where for two years she appeared in several important productions and also played opposite John Gilbert in "Just Off Broadway," in which she scored a signal success. Her dark beauty allied with her wonderful histrionic ability, has enabled her to secure a firm footing both on the stage and films, and she hopes in time to be able to retrieve the family fortunes and revive the past glories of her ancient family.

AT THE "FRAILTIES" FIRST NIGHT



IN THE FOYER AT THE PHOENIX: MR. ROBSON, MISS EDNA MAY (MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN), MISS VIOLET LORAINÉ (MRS. JOICEY), AND MR. OLIVER MESSEL



MR. ALISTAIR McDONALD AND MRS. PATERSON



MRS. CECIL PYM AND MR. CHARLES GRAVES



MRS. C. B. COCHRAN AND MRS. PILKINGTON



MR. DION TITHERADGE AND A FRIEND

Society and the Stage went in rows to this first night of Mr. Dion Titheradge's new play, "Frailties," presented at the new Phoenix Theatre last week, and were rewarded by seeing at any rate one excellent scene, a journalist interviewing a novelist who had just come out of gaol for throttling someone who fully deserved to be throttled. As will be noticed from the pictures on this page, which include the author, numerous other celebrities are to be seen—Miss Edna May, Miss Violet Loraine, Mrs. Charles Cochran as instances. Mrs. Cecil Pym is the wife of Captain Cecil Pym, the bobsleigh specialist, who is seen with Mr. Graves, who is "Onlooker" of "The Daily Mail." "Frailties" came to an untimely end after four performances having failed to hit the popular taste

Photographs by Sasha



THE BOY WHO DID NOT TAKE KINDLY TO HOUNDS

A pictorial protest by Patrick Bellew against the wearisome reiteration of children fondling hounds



ST. VALENTINE'S VICTIM

By L



LOVE THROUGH THE AGES

Back

4-11



"DRAKE'S DRUM"
After the painting by J. D. M. Carroll C.R.I.

*"Take my drum
to England,
hang et by
the shore.*

*Strike et when
your powders
runnin' low."*



*Player's
please*

50 for 2'6
100 for 4'10

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

NCC 981

THE FILM'S DECORATIVE SIDE



MISS NORMA SHEARER



MISS BEATRICE LILLIE



MISS JOAN MARSH

The attractive picture of the beautiful Canadian actress, Norma Shearer, is the very latest that has been taken of her. She is admittedly one of the most decorative people on the film stage, besides being possessed of very great talent. She was born in Montreal, and made her debut in 1921, when she was eighteen, and at once scored a definite success. She is the wife of Irving Thalberg, who is the Vice-President of the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Company. The countless friends and admirers of Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel) have a present opportunity of seeing her in "Are You There," which opened at the Leicester Square Theatre on February 6. The charming actress' talents need absolutely no advertisement. She is one of the greatest humorists on either the stage proper or the films. Little Miss Joan Marsh, who is not yet eighteen, has a long contract with the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Company. She has appeared in "Inspiration," with Greta Garbo, and in "Dance Fools, Dance," with Joan Crawford.

FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH



AT THE CAP D'ANTIBES: THE BEGUM AGA KHAN AND
MRS. CLAUD LEIGH



AT CANNES: SIR WOODMAN AND LADY BURBIDGE



AT MONTE: MRS. CREASY AND
THE HON. F. M. B. FISHER



AT NICE: SIR THOMAS LIPTON



LADY WAVERTREE AND
COUNT SALM

A little gallery which may make some of us who are suffering from our present snivelly, 'flu-infected weather a bit envious, for taking it by and large the very reverse is the case on the Côte d'Azur. Mrs. Claud Leigh, who is with the beautiful wife of the Aga at their villa at Cap d'Antibes, is a very popular London hostess. The Aga Khan, besides being one of the world's most famous race-horse owners, is also one of the world's best bridge players, the latter a fact not perhaps so widely known. Sir Woodman Burbidge is one of the world's most genial and successful employers, and the camera has caught him with a quite characteristic expression on his face. Both Mrs. Creasy and the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher, who were at the Gallia Courts at Monte, are off the top shelf in the lawn tennis world, and Lady Wavertree and Count Salm, who were at the same place, are also high up in the scale of the experts. Gallant Sir Thomas Lipton, who will not learn how to spell the word defeat for that International Yachting Cup, was sunning himself at Nice



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION BALL

R. S. CRISP

A group taken at this most successful party at the University Arms, Cambridge, last week. The names, left to right, are: Back row—Mr. M. H. C. Gutteridge, Mr. H. Firebrace, Baron de Rutzen, Mr. T. P. Mall, Mr. R. S. Bonham-Carter, Mr. J. S. Meakin; front row—Misses A. Mellish-Clarke, S. M. Damantzen, Ursula Morley-Fletcher, Joan Walker Smith, Rosemary Rowcliffe, and Doreen Pollard



WITH THE QUORN: MISS MONICA SHERIFFE AND LADY WARRENDER



WITH THE BELVOIR: CAPTAIN AND LADY ENID TURNOR AND COLONEL F. G. D. COLMAN, M.F.H.

HOWARD DUNFORD

Just when everyone in hunting England had hoped and believed that the Clerk of the Weather meant to show that he was ashamed of his previous bad behaviour, he turned nasty again, and at the moment is only being good in patches. Miss Monica Sheriffe who is a daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. T. O. Sheriffe of Goadby, and Lady Warrender whose husband is the member for Grantham, are very well-known in the Shires and both go the best. It is good news to learn that Colonel Colman is going to carry on alone with the Belvoir next season. His Joint, Mr. Charles Tonge, is resigning at the end of this one, to everyone's regret, as he has put in some marvellous work both in the kennel and out of it and will be much missed. Captain H. B. Turnor is an ex-member of that wonderful 17th Lancer polo team and Lady Enid Turnor is a sister of Lord Westmorland



W. A. Rouch
CAPTAIN THE HON. GEORGE AND LADY
MARGARET SAVILE

At Ditton Lodge, Thames Ditton. Captain the Hon. George Savile, who is a brother of the Earl of Mexborough, is a well-known exhibitor of Arab horses and a member of the Coaching Club

WITH all this talk about an intensive Economy Campaign toward, does it not seem a bit incongruous that Mr. Lansbury—that great judge of a horse—should even contemplate the erection of an effigy which will be a direct temptation of the waste of good tar and feathers? "Rima" and some other works of art are surely cases in point which should give even a Labour Minister pause.

An art critic in one of our leading papers says: Mr. Hardiman is a sculptor of great accomplishment, but, as I have said before, his art is not essentially monumental. The defects of Mr. Hardiman's second model are emphasized by the realistic rendering of man and horse in Mr. Wade's excellent monument in Edinburgh.

Quite! in fact one might almost add "Quate!" But, whether this horse specialist is a monumental sculptor or not, it does seem to me that one of the first things anyone who tries to sculpt anything should do is to try to learn his bones and muscles. Everyone of them is wrong in both the Haig horses Mr. Lansbury is said to have approved. Before any sculptor goes any further in this matter would it not be a good thing if he paid a visit to the Royal Veterinary College and asked them to show him a skeleton of a real horse? Looking at the two "horses" presented for acceptance as adornments to London it is extremely difficult to believe that their concocter can ever have seen a horse.

A most interesting history of "The Crawley and Horsham Hunt," by Geoffrey Sparrow, M.C. (The Sporting Gallery), and beautifully turned out by Jordan-Gaskell, the well-known printers, has been handed to me as a present with the idea that I should attempt to review it shortly in these notes. The author in prefacing his remarks about the antiquity of fox-hunting in Sussex says in one of his opening sentences: "There is no doubt, however, that hunting was carried on in Sussex before the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion." This is perfectly correct. It was. The Goodwood estate of to-day was formerly the property of the Fitzalans, Earls of Arundell, and two of them, Thomas, dec. 1529, and William, dec. 1544, had a pack of hounds and a hunting box at Downley. From this origin sprang the old Charlton Hunt, the fore-runner of the Goodwood Hunt, whose lineal descendants of to-day may be said to be the Cowdray, for they hunt over practically the same country. Charlton was the "Melton" of its times, and a Charlton Pie was then as famous as a Melton Pie! The Charlton had been a going concern long before the valiant but luckless Monmouth hunted with them, and, therefore, of course, before the disaster at Sedgemoor (July 7, 1685). James II's ugly deed after Monmouth's defeat is about as black a page as there is in the history of this realm, and he had two able seconders in his atrocity in Colonel Wilde, who was commanding some of the Royalist troops in the

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

field, and Judge Jeffreys, infamous in history by reason of the Bloody Assize. James II is supposed to have been a fox-hunter; Monmouth certainly was, and yet James showed no mercy to a gallant, if misguided, foeman. Monmouth hunted with the Charlton when he was a guest of Lord Grey, and eventually came on as Joint Master with him, "Squire" Roper being what they then called "manager and huntsman."

Lord Grey was afterwards Monmouth's second-in-command at Sedgemoor, and after that battle old Roper had to leave the country because, if he had not, it was quite probable that he would have been roped in on some charge of treason and handed over to the tender mercies of Judge Jeffreys. Monmouth was so sure that he was going to win that he is reported to have said: "When I am King I will come and keep my Court at Charlton," and I suppose he added something about what a good

time he and Grey and Roper would have hunting the fox. Roper eventually came back from France when the trouble blew over and resumed the Mastership of the Charlton. He was not "killed in the hunting field in 1715," as Mr. Sparrow states in his book; but in April of that year, when he was with his hounds near Findon he dropped dead off his horse. He was then eighty-four. Roper was succeeded by the Duke of Bolton, whose second Duchess, Lavinia Fenton, was the original "Polly" of *The Beggars' Opera*. After Bolton came the 2nd Duke of Richmond, who first called the hounds "The Goodwood," and when that establishment came to an end in 1813, it is quite correct, as Mr. Sparrow records, that the hounds "were given to the Prince of Wales." This Royal personage was subsequently King George IV, and it is probable that it was



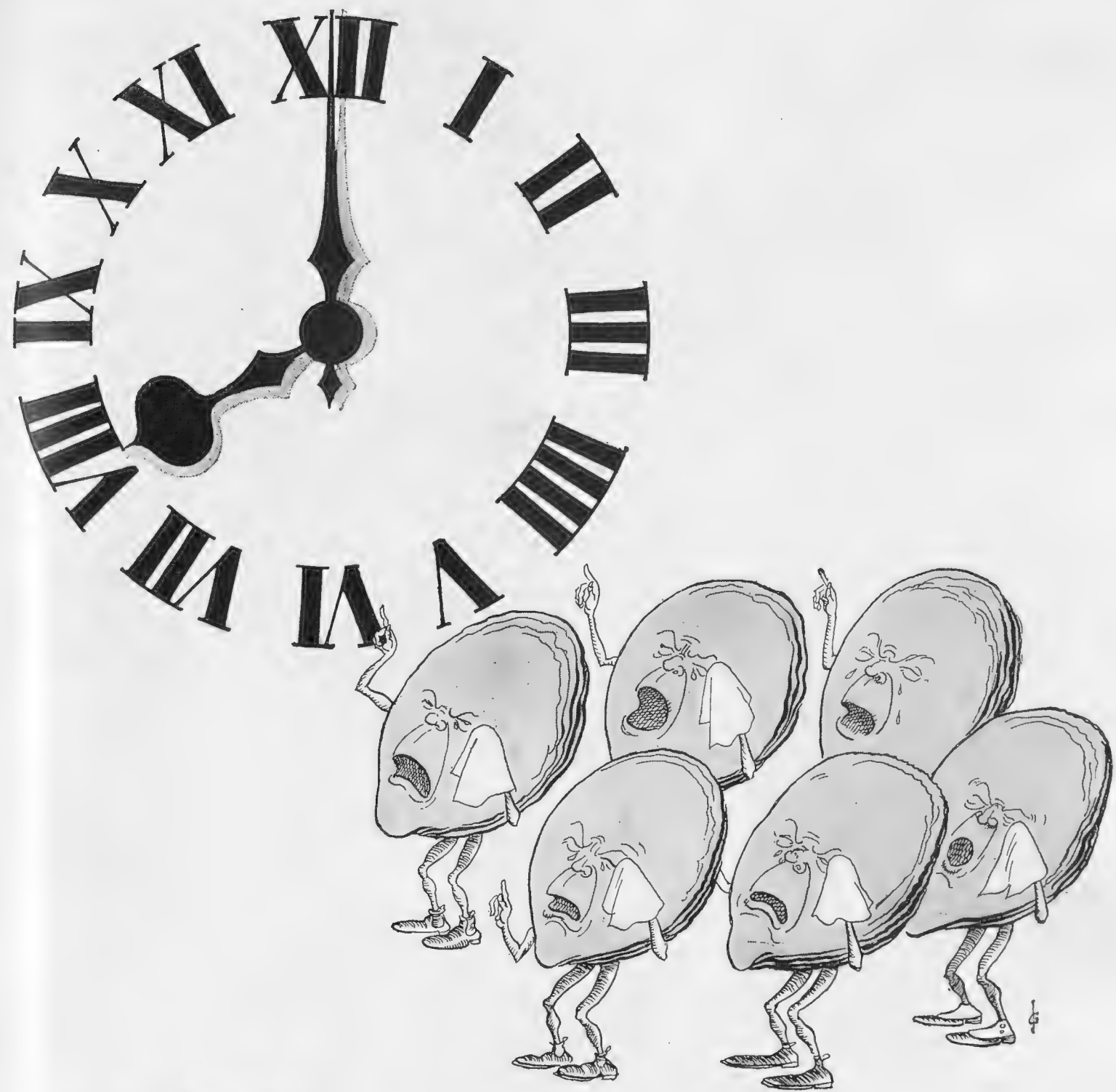
Howard Evans
BRIG.-GENERAL A. D.
MILLER, M.F.H.

The Joint Master of the South Oxfordshire since 1926, and previously sole Master, 1914-20. General Miller used to be in the Scots Greys

these Goodwood hounds that he took to Dorset, and hunted in part of the present Cattistock country, in the days of the Reverend J. Phelps, the founder of that hunt. Mr. Phelps, at one time called his hunt "The True Blue," as a token of his loyalty to George III. Obviously the M.F.H. thought it was a good plan to bark up the right tree.



AFLOAT! SIR JOHN AND LADY MULLENS
Who are on a world cruise aboard the Canadian Pacific liner, "Empress of Australia," a first-class way of spending the winter unless you happen to be a fox-hunting addict. Sir John Mullens is Trustee and Manager of the Stock Exchange



GUINNESS TIME

Cried the OYSTERS

G.E. 145

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

IT was a horse fair, and amongst those for sale was a group of the most miserable nags imaginable. They were huddled together in a dejected fashion and the man in charge seemed to be as depressed as the animals he had for sale. At length a man came along who wanted a horse for a little light work but was only prepared to pay a low price. After much bargaining the dealer sold him one of the best of the bunch for 17s. 6d. The customer gave him a pound note.

"This is my first deal," said the man, "and I haven't any change, but if you like you can take another horse. Don't take it out of the middle, however, or the others may fall down!"

COUNSEL: Now, John Brown, just pay attention to me.

JOHN BROWN: Yes, sir.

COUNSEL: I am informed that you regularly associate with swindlers and thieves—is that true?

JOHN BROWN: Yes, sir.

COUNSEL: You dare to stand in that box and admit to his Lordship that you are a swindler and thief?

JOHN BROWN: No, sir.

COUNSEL: Then you are a perjurer."

JOHN BROWN: No, sir.

COUNSEL (perplexed): Well, what on earth are you?

JOHN BROWN: I am the caretaker of a suite of lawyer's offices.

COUNSEL: Oh! (sits down).



MISS JULIE SUÉDO

Joan Craven

Who is appearing in "The Improper Duchess" at the Globe Theatre, and plays the part of Mamie Hatch, one of the many amusing people who wander through the story of Mr. James B. Fagan's new play, which is a definite success

A judge asked a prisoner her age.

"Twenty-one," replied the woman.

"But surely," went on the judge, "you appeared before me some years ago, and gave the same reply then. How is it you still give your age as twenty-one?"

The woman looked non-plussed for a moment; then she rallied.

"Well, sir, I'll have you know that I'm not the kind of girl who says one thing one minute and another the next!"

A policeman dashed into a church while a wedding was in progress. "Is there a man called Dashinton-Binks being married here to-day?" he asked the verger. "He's being married now," was the reply.

"Well, I have a warrant for his arrest," said the officer.

"Friends of the bridegroom on the right-hand side of the church, please."



Frank Davis

A HAPPY RETURN: MR. NELSON KEYS

The versatile "Bunch" has never given us anything better than his present performance in "Folly to be Wise," the big success at the Piccadilly Theatre, with wonderful Miss Cicely Courtneidge leading the attack. Mr. Nelson Keys' skit on an American film director and on a foot passenger applying for a licence to use the kerb are unbeatable. His appearance with Cicely Courtneidge as two officers of H.M.'s Foot Guards is also a great effort and "intensely funny"

An Irish cavalry soldier was thrown from his mount and went sailing through the air. A telephone pole into which he crashed headlong terminated his flight.

"Great heavens, man!" exclaimed the officer, dashing up. "It was a miracle you were not killed!"

"Yes, sorr," replied the Irishman, rubbing his head, "but I reckon that pole must have broke me fall and all."

Smith got into hopeless difficulties in a bunker, and Brown, his opponent, thought he would move on a bit to light his pipe. Some minutes later the caddie appeared.

"Where's Mr. Smith?" asked Brown.

"Still in the same place," answered the caddie. "I left him there wi' his mashie an' his Maker."

A man in a large touring car was following a baby car going at full tilt along a country road. Every now and then the back wheels rose right off the ground.

Finally the man in the larger car drew alongside the baby car and told the owner politely that he was bound to break his back axle if he went on as he was doing.

"Good heavens, man," was the reply, "Can't I have hiccups without your interference?"

An American Jew rented a Scottish moor and, being a strong believer in the adage that when in Rome one should do as the Romans, he used to go about in a kilt. One day when he was out his ghillie said: "Awm scein' Mr. Abrahams that ye've condescended to wear a kilt o' the tartan o' my clan."

"Say!" retorted Abrahams, "I guess id iss no compliment to you; I choose it mit all dese up and down red lines because it reminds me of de cash ledger back heme in the States."

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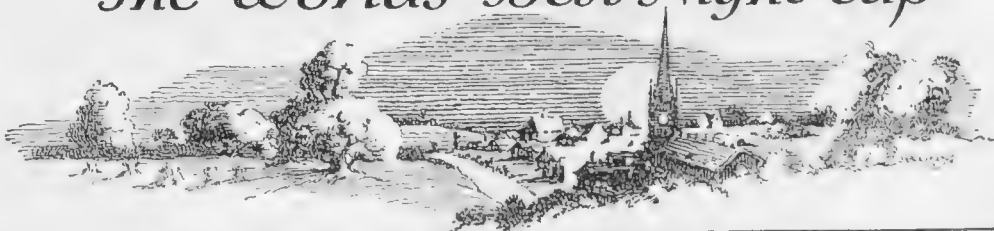
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'OVALTINE'

The World's Best Night-cap





THE BLUES RUGGER XV

R. S. Crisp

The team which drew with King's College 6 points all in the recent encounter at Mitcham. Horse soldiers are popularly supposed to be no good a-foot, but these are. The names, telling off left to right, are: Rear rank—Trpr. Hawker, Trpr. Burke, Trpr. Spink, Corp. Christie, Trpr. Hemby, Trpr. Pitcher, Trpr. Burgess, and Corp. Ward; front rank—Trpr. Cooper, Trpr. Baker, Trpr. Axon, Trpr. Bruce (captain), Trpr. Caley, Trpr. Dale, and Trpr. Rumens

TWICKENHAM will be on its trial again next Saturday, when England and Ireland meet for the fiftieth time. The English side will be expected to show very much better form than it did against Wales, and it is devoutly to be hoped that the standard of football will be far higher than it has been for some time past. People have been saying for some little time, that at Twickenham the game is hardly worth the candle, and certainly it is some time since we had a really satisfactory show.

Mr. A. E. Freethy is to take charge of the match for the fifth time in succession, and it is hoped that he will contrive to carry on without so much whistling as we have endured lately. But we must not forget that it is the players who have been chiefly to blame, not the referee; it is their job to observe the laws, and his to see that they are observed.

This jubilee match finds England with the long lead of thirty-one wins to fifteen, three matches having been drawn. Two of these draws have been at Twickenham; one in 1910, the year in which the ground was opened, and one in 1925. Two years ago, in 1929, as most of us well remember, Ireland won at headquarters for the first time amidst wild rejoicings and great damage to the movable cushions. And one hears that they expect to win again.

In spite of their defeat in Paris Ireland would still have a chance for Championship honours if they manage to beat England, for both Wales and Scotland have to visit them, and the Irishmen are not easy to subdue at home. They did not allow themselves to be rattled by the French disaster, and have only made two changes in their side. They will give our men all the Rugby they want, and unless this England side is a lot stronger than the one that performed so indifferently against Wales an Irish victory is quite a possibility.

The English selectors, having admittedly made some serious blunders in their first attempt at picking a national side, have taken plenty of time for consideration, and indeed, at the moment of writing, the names of the chosen have not been made public. Certain changes are almost inevitable, and there have been rumours of almost a sensational character, but quite apart from the personnel of the side care should be taken to have the right kind of spirit in the team. There was an air of indifference, almost of apathy, at Twickenham in January that made a good many old stagers pause and think.

Rugby Ramblings

Last week I asked my readers to make a note of the inter-services tournament, and now I want to call their attention to the Hospital Cup games now in progress. In these cup ties there may not be a great deal of the highest skill, but there is plenty of real Rugby, and every man is a trier from start to finish. There is hardly a dull moment when two well-matched hospital sides are in the field, and the enthusiasm of the spectators is a welcome change from the chilly atmosphere of most grounds in these hyper-critical days.

I watched a cup-tie the other day between two of the less famous hospitals, a well-contested game which contained better football and caused more excitement than many a recent International. There were two or three players who had represented their countries, and a few county performers, but the majority were quite unknown to fame.

Mr. L. P. Langton, who has done so much excellent work for the Richmond club, set an excellent example when he took a side, largely consisting of famous Internationals, to play Radley. W. J. A. Davies, B. S. Cumberlege, E. D. G. Hammett, and others were on view, and gave the boys a splendid lesson. It must do any young player good to see "Dave's" wonderful hands, his straight-cut-through, and his marvellous swerve, or to watch "Cumber's" coolness and accuracy, or Hammett's skill in making openings. It would be a splendid thing for Rugby if this side were kept more or less in being.

J. C. Gibbs has announced his retirement from the game, though he may yet play in a farewell match for the Harlequins. The flying wing will be a distinct loss, for though his merits and demerits have been hotly debated, he has invariably been a big attraction on the field. We all know him so well that little need be said about him, but those who are inclined to condemn him as a player should remember that never throughout his career has he had a centre who could make the best of him.

J. G. Bockett had his faults as a centre, but he certainly cut out heaps of openings for D. Lambert, who as a result scored tries galore. Personally it is my firm belief that if Gibbs had had a centre of the H. H. Vassall type he would have scored more tries than any other Rugby player in history. Gibbs had his weak points, but his pace was so extraordinary that no one ever caught him.

"LINE-OUT."

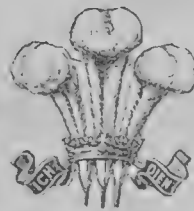


THE KING'S COLLEGE XV

R. S. Crisp

The opponents of the Blues (above) at Mitcham the other day—a draw. The names in the group are: I. C. H. Freeman, M. Etherington, W. A. Carter, M. Beer, J. E. Jones, I. J. F. Rich, A. T. Hatto, R. G. Kelly, M. F. Cornish, E. R. Sholl, E. C. Hyde, B. R. Martin, H. H. Morriss, E. Hancock, and J. N. Nason (captain), who does not appear

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AT KITZBÜHEL—AUSTRIAN TYROL

This ski-ing group includes Miss Evadne Flower, the Hon. Alistair Erskine, Captain the Hon. Donald and Mrs. Erskine, and the Hon. Victoria Erskine. The Hon. Alistair and the Hon. Donald Erskine are brothers, and sons of Lord Erskine, and the Hon. Victoria Erskine is their sister

On t'other Side.

I ALWAYS think that in this country we make too much of Olympia and too little of the New York Motor Show, for the former fails to lift the curtain upon the new models of those makes which, whether with a wry face or no, we have to admit dominate most of the markets of the world at the present time. This is one of those instances in which our own technical journals—otherwise so excellent—rather let us down. They dismiss all the new things that America brings forward in a couple or three pages, and thus entirely fail to bring home to the British designer what he is up against. And I fear that in too many cases the latter is only too tolerant of having his head in a sack. Very likely he feels just as I do when I am face to face with an envelope inscribed O.H.M.S.—I am too frightened to open the damned thing, even though I well know that it cannot bite, even though those who sent it to me have unpleasantly sharp teeth. I mention this point in passing because the other day I met a man, quite big in his way, who is trying to make his British cars (with which I have no fault to find) cut a figure in the great, big, cold world, so when I asked him about the New York Motor Show, and what it might mean, I received the amazing assurance that he did not know it was "on." Now, to carry insularity that far is simply silly. Equally silly is it for a responsible journal to suggest that American developments "may not concern the European market." How can such a thing be written, I wonder, when it is manifest that the American car has firmly established itself, in spite of high tariffs, in every European country, including these islands? I wish our own car constructors had got an equally firm footing. Well then, what is America doing for the coming "season"? Roughly she is carrying on the multiplication of cylinders to such an extent that the six (barring, as I believe, but one make which is of some importance) has become the minimum number, the eight is more popular than ever, twelves are quite common, and there are quite a lot of sixteens. She is going in strongly for the free wheel, which is now standardized in no less than five makes, and, unless my information is more than usually incorrect, will soon apply to quite twice that number. And she is showing great activity in the production of bodies of extremely advanced and "taking" lines. In short, she is, thanks to industrial conditions which have intensified competition, taking jolly good care that her feet do not get entangled amongst the shackles of conservatism. Note, please, in this connection, that things like front-wheel drive are coming strongly to the fore. But to my mind the most suggestive tendency is the way in which our esteemed cousins have, with one accord, embraced the principle of more

Petrol Vapour

BY W. G. ASTON

power—and a very sound principle it is. Most of their cheapest machines boast about sixty genuine brake horse-power under the bonnet, and no car can pretend to any class at all that offers less than a hundred. We have been so misled by the influence of taxation that we regard such figures as grossly extravagant, forgetting that the costs of running a motor-car are dictated first and finally, not by its horses but by its weight. And, as a fact, high power often means less up-keep expenses, as has been proved time and time again. I suppose that, from the prosperity point of view, the States are, at the moment, just about as badly off as we are. The difference between our automobile policies is that they go in for a higher all-round standard of luxury for a given price, whereas we are inclined to lower the standard of luxury so as to get a lower price.

Slinkiness.

In the evolution of really beautiful car bodies the palm was once held by France, but is now, I judge, unquestionably in our hands. Most of what the Americans are doing now has been done by us long ago. But our trouble is that when the autocrats of Whitehall use the best possible means of dissuading us from using high-powered engines, they automatically divert us from employing long wheel-bases. Everyone must be agreed that a motor-car, to present

a really graceful appearance, should look "speedy" and stream-lined. But the trouble is that you cannot get that effect with a short wheel-base unless you are going to encroach disastrously upon the comfort of your passengers. The American motorist thinks as much of the wheel-base of his car as we over here do about the absurd Treasury rating of our engines. And American wheel-bases are steadily, indeed rapidly, lengthening, so as to allow for more graceful and "slinky" bodywork, especially of the type that has a neat luggage compartment built in behind. No one can deny that this is a desirable feature, for when all is said and done comfort is the quality that comes first, at all events in the vast majority of cars. And you cannot have comfort without spaciousness. What I take to be definitely unfortunate is that so many people in this country imagine that stream-lining will substantially enhance the performance of the average medium-powered car. Now that is an entire fallacy. Up to 60 m.p.h. stream-lining hardly

(Cont. on p. xiv)



LADY BERYL GILBERT
AND HER DAUGHTER

Snapshotted at a recent 'chasing meeting. Lady Beryl Gilbert is a well-known owner of jumpers, and is a sister of Lord Clancarty

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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THE DENTIST'S DILEMMA

By
Marigold
Watney



*"Petrified I see the man turn, and
with a sudden movement, hurl his
wife to the bottom of the stairs."*

WE were a depressing party. Some of us were reading the back numbers of "The Tatler." Others were sitting and thinking, and others just sitting. Sometimes the door would open and we would all look up with eager, anxious glances, and one of our number would

creep from amongst us, and then we would sigh and lower our eyes once more.

After innumerable false alarms my turn came at last, and I was ushered into the presence of Mr. Buss.

It has always puzzled me why this benign and kindly little man should have chosen the grim profession of dentistry. There is a jaunty air about the fit of his white linen coat that belies its calling, and his eyes are round and glad behind his horn-rimmed glasses. As a rule he is bubbling with good spirits, effervescent in fact, as if we were both about to participate in some glorious treat, but to-day there was a distinct change. As we shook hands I noticed that his usually rosy cheeks were somewhat pale, and his eyes harassed and bewildered, while his smile of greeting was as forced as my own. After I had been hospitably settled into the chair, Mr. Buss proceeded to wash with a thoroughness and enjoyment peculiarly his own. I have never known anyone else so prolong the delights of scrubbing and splashing, and scrubbing again; there is even a triumphant flourish about the flick of the towel.

I notice these things because Mr. Buss charges 9d. for every precious minute I spend in his company.

"Well, what have you been doing since I saw you last?" I inquired in simulated nonchalance, "have you broken any more golf records?"

He started at the sound of my voice and dropped the small object he was fiddling with upon the floor. This entailed another wash, and I made a mental note that his ablutions must now have cost me 5s.

"No," he answered, when he had once more reached the drying stage. "No; as a matter of fact, I've hardly been on the links lately, I'm rather off my game just now."

"How's that, aren't you well?" I inquired. I didn't really want to know in the least, and was all against wasting such precious moments in idle conversation, but I find it almost impossible to refrain from talking unless gagged.

He stood a moment with his head bowed in thought, evidently fighting against an overwhelming longing to unburden this trouble; then the temptation proved too strong for him and he began to talk.

"I am in a hideous predicament," he told me, "one of those difficulties from which I can see no escape. One of my patients is in danger, real horrible danger, I ought to warn her, it is my duty to do so, and yet—and yet—she would never credit such an extravagant tale as I shall have to tell. The worst of it is there is only half an hour in which to decide, for her appointment follows after yours; if I let the opportunity slip it will be too late."

He turned his back and began playing busily with a trayful of sharp, gleaming instruments while I pondered how I could help the little man. After all, he had extracted my first tooth at the tender age of five years old, and this naturally constituted a bond between us.

"Of course you must warn the poor girl," I told him decidedly. It is so

easy when it is someone else's mind to be made up and not one's own. At this point I hung open my jaws as a gentle reminder that it was time to start operations.

For the next ten minutes silence reigned except for the merry humming of the whizzing machine and an occasional muffled grunt from me. Not because I was being hurt, Mr. Buss never does that, but just to let him know I was still alive and in a fairly highly strung condition.

When it was over he continued our discussion.

"Warn her," he said, and his tone was decidedly bitter. "How can you advise me to warn her when you have not heard the evidence."

"Tell me," I invited him. For a moment he toyed with the dangling end of his machine, then he pressed a button that set it going and started work again.

"Do you believe in dreams?" he asked me, unexpectedly. For some unknown reason Mr. Buss loves to question me when it is quite impossible to answer, it is one of his favourite tricks. He fills my mouth with a glass tube, a large napkin, an electric light bulb, a medium-sized pick-axe and both his hands, and then politely invites contradiction. On this occasion I could only make noises like the lowing of a cow, so he proceeded with his narrative unhampered by interruptions.

"Until a week ago," he told me, "I thought all dreams stuff and nonsense or, at the worst, indigestion. I think differently now." His face was almost nose to nose with mine, and I could see the pupils of his eyes, uncannily enlarged behind the magnifying lens of his spectacles. His plump white hands moved with a deft precision while he talked.

"If it had only happened once I would never have given it another thought," he told me, "but to dream the same thing on three consecutive nights is a bit disquieting, to say the least of it. And the vividness of it all! I have never experienced anything in my waking hours half as real and compelling as that dream. In fact sometimes I wonder which is my actual life and which an illusion." This last remark had slipped out unknowingly, and he tried to cover it with an awkward laugh.

"This dream of mine always starts the same," he continued miserably. "I am walking down an avenue of oak trees. The moon is shining and the dusty road before me is dappled with

(Continued on p. 2)

MILTON

ANTISEPTIC

**CLEANS FALSE TEETH
-AND THAT'S NOT ALL**



CHILBLAINS

page 14

AND THAT'S NOT ALL

THE first championship of 1931 has been played; India again has Mrs. Duncan as her champion. That is altogether as it should be, for you are not Scottish champion for nothing, and that was Mrs. Duncan's title six years ago when she was Miss Mary Wood. But nobody always succeeds in doing what they ought to do, and the longer handicaps put up such brave fights, according to the accounts just arrived from Tollymunge, that even Mrs. Duncan might well have been shaken by them. Instead she performed her part perfectly; qualified first with 79, which is two less than the par of the course, and won her matches by 8 and 7, 7 and 5, 4 and 3, and 8 and 7. There were some shaky moments at the start of the semi-final, and Mrs. Latta seized on the chance to halve the first six holes, but after that all went well for Mrs. Duncan, and her 39 out in the final gave no chances to Mrs. Laird. Of course the disappointment of the whole meeting was that Mrs. Peter Wilson, who won the Irish Championship ten years ago as Miss Wanda Stuart French, just failed to qualify. There were any number of other competitions, in fact golf in Calcutta seems a thoroughly flourishing concern. Mrs. Hutchinson, who is so largely responsible for that state of affairs, is coming home this spring, and will be a most welcome competitor in "Britannia and Eve's" One Day Spring Medal Foursomes, which are to be at Wentworth on April 24.

The Ladies' Golf Union annual dinner is quite one of the events of the season nowadays, and even hardness of the times did not stop a very representative gathering from meeting at the Piccadilly Hotel. Illness, though, did keep away some very distinguished folk, Lady Rhondda, and Mrs. T. H. Miller amongst them, and Miss Hulett implied that she had torn her hair at the prospects of replacing them on the list of speakers. Neither outward appearances of madam in the chair nor subsequent speaking suggested that the process of destruction had gone on for long, and certainly there was no need. With Mr. Norman Boase, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Bernard Darwin, and Mr. Dale Bourn to support her, only the most exacting could have asked for more. Mr. Bourn stepped nobly into the breach at the last moment, with the true courage of an English champion; his mother sat not far off, and Mr. Bourn had only to make some sly mention of her, to turn to her with the engaging air of a little boy, "I really was rather small then, wasn't I mother, when I ran round after you at Portrush?" to have the entire sympathetic ear of his audience. Like mother, like son, in the matter of after-dinner speaking, as any member of the Veterans' Association will tell you.

Mr. Norman Boase, Provost of St. Andrew's, chairman of the Green



At the Royal Calcutta Golf Club: Competitors in the recent All-India Championship. Included in the front row are Mrs. Duncan (the winner), Mrs. Laird who was runner-up (left), and Mrs. Hutchinson (right). Also in the group are Mrs. Latta, Mrs. J. A. Stewart, and Mrs. Graham

EVE at GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

were both there, looking charming in white and pale blue respectively. There are moments when I feel I ought to cultivate the correct touch of the fashion paragraphists; this annual dinner is one. "Mrs. Alec Gold looked bewitching in a white satin frock, widely flaired, beneath which peeped out two crimson slippers (even I know that you do wear two slippers, not one) to match the enchanting, close-fitting, crimson-velvet coatee. Coatees, in fact, were the chic wear of the evening, black velvet with white fur over white or black being much favoured. Miss Doris Chambers, on the other hand, chose soft, mud-coloured (mud is bad, but I shall improve with practice) velvet for her frock, the mud being carried on with distinguished effect, relieved with a hint of orange in the marocain coatee with high collar." (Perhaps I might have called it tawny. It was a lovely colour anyway.) Yes, I must practice this sort of thing, in view of that dinner. Perhaps next year the guests will furnish me in advance with descriptions of their dresses. Then nobody's tawny will be called mud.

Next week we may have real definite information to discuss about real definite International matches between this country and all the others who are thirsting for a trial of strength. The need for something official to be done in the way of sending teams seems all the more urgent when one finds so many people, who ought to know better, asking: "What's this International team of yours that's gone out to America?" International team forsooth, because our open champion happens to have gone on a trip to Florida, the party being completed by a number of golfers who make not the slightest pretensions—they are quite frank about the business—to International, or in some cases, even to county rank, and who have been chosen and nominated by nobody except themselves.

Miss Glenna Collett has always said that one of the dangers to an invader in this country lies in the number of players, unknown to the Americans, who can produce excellent golf against them. Perhaps our brave party adventuring overseas may prove to be some of these great unknowns, but they are ostensibly set on having a good time.



Mrs. Duncan, holder of the All-India Championship, who retained her title by beating Mrs. Laird 8 and 7 in the 18-holes final

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The Highway of Fashion : M. E. BROOKE

The Return of the Surcoat.

EVENING dresses absolutely decline to stand alone this season, they demand a coatee or cape. Among the most interesting revivals is the surcoat; a modified form of it is worn by Yvonne Arnaud in *The Improper Duchess* at the Globe Theatre. Hers is of georgette to match her dress, and is outlined with fur. The true surcoat was looked on with favour by the ladies of the Court of Henry V, and was made of brocade. The form of the figure was emphasized by embroidery or fur; if the latter it matched that on the hem of the skirt; it just covered the hips. With it was seen more often than not a semi-circular mantle fastening with cords running through ornamental brooches. A notable dressmaker has created a *chef-d'œuvre* inspired by the modes of the earlier part of the fifteenth century; nevertheless it is absolutely modern. The dress itself is instep length, and is of the palest of pink satin. The corsage is slightly crossed; the coatee is of geranium velvet, outlined with white fox; while the circular mantle is of the same velvet, lined with satin to match the dress.



This luxurious coat of Persian lamb enriched with sable-dyed squirrel, is included in the sale at the City Fur Stores, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard. (See p. ii)

The Charity Cape.

No doubt the new charity cape for wearing with evening dresses will soon be designated charitable, as it is remarkably becoming. It just turns the shoulders and is reinforced with pendant ends in front. The back is cut with a tiny V not more than an inch and a half in depth, the decoration appearing below it. Sometimes the back is arranged in front when the ends are carried over the shoulders and crossed, and are held in position with patent fasteners. In alliance with these capes long velvet mittens are worn. Simple, nevertheless smart, are the adjustable trains; they are of chiffon and are attached to the right shoulder and fall in soft folds. Should a train not be desired they can be draped over the shoulders in a variety of ways thereby forming a light wrap. Coats of the Eton as well as the service character have their rôles to play.

These distinctive spring hats

near the manner of Wauchope; one come at the top is of Chinese hemp straw; the chief-d'œuvre to the left is of felt, while the turban is entirely composed of satin. (See p. iii)

The Touch of Brown.

Isobel Elsom who was the heroine in *Frailties* at the Phoenix Theatre, has evidently a weakness for brown, otherwise she would not have carried a handkerchief of that colour trimmed with white with her white satin evening dress. It was rather darker than her stockings. In another scene she appeared in a canary-coloured cloth coat and skirt and a tri-coloured scarf; the yellow portion was tucked into her belt, the white portion rested against her neck, while the brown section practically concealed the right side of her coat; peeping out of her yellow pochette was a brown handkerchief. By the way her choice had alighted on a white ensemble with cherry-coloured accessories for the final act.

A Study in Orange and Brown.

Nothing could suit Henrietta Watson better than the ensemble she wore in the first act of *Frailties*. It was made of brown companionate tweed, that is to say that the frock was of a lighter weight than the coat; the latter was lined with orange crêpe de chine



patterned with brown; this matched the tie which was present in the "V"-shaped neck line of the dress. The scheme was completed with a tweed turban relieved with a small orange feather mount. In another scene this clever actress appeared in an ensemble also of tweed in which dull blue shades predominated; in the scarf these tints were repeated. Her pochette was of the brightest shade, and a fact that was worth noting was that the cushion of her chair matched it exactly. Joan Henley's pyjamas were amusing; there were narrow braces at the back of the corsage; the trousers were tight-fitting to the knees and very full below, lilac and blue strapping being used for decorative purposes; a three-quarter length coat and kid sandals completed the scheme, and there was a shady hat.

The art of dressing children becomingly is well understood in the salons of the Treasure Cot Company, 103, Oxford Street. Crêpe de chine makes the smock pictured, stockinette the frock, and knitted wool and silk the suit. (See p. ii)

(Continued on p. ii)

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The very effective Tailor Suit (on left) is ready for wear in a variety of Tweeds, Suitings, &c. Made in Bradleys' own work-rooms, on the premises at Chepstow Place. Coat lined Silk.

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JOYCE (above).

Useful Blouse in heavy quality Crêpe-de-Chine. Scalloped front outlined with hand-linking. Collar can be worn buttoned at neck if desired. Sizes 13½ in., 14 in., 14½ in. 69/6
Can also be made to order in washing silk.



MODEL B106 (above).

A distinctive Wrap Coat in Cloth, trimmed with Nutria-dyed Lapin. 16 gns.

MODEL J275 (left, centre).

Practical Dressing Gown in printed Silk with plain collar, cuffs and belt. In blue, red and beige. Lined through with Jap-silk. 69/6

MODEL J276 (right, centre).

Artificial Silk Milanese Camibocker with brassière top in strong lace. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 bust. 26/9

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Fashions For Children.

The art of dressing children simply and becomingly is well understood in the salons of the Treasure Cot Company, 103, Oxford Street, W., and the prices that prevail are unusually pleasant. This firm is responsible for the little boy's silk and wool suit pictured on p. 252; as will be seen tiny ducks are introduced for decorative purposes, and although it consists of knickers and jumper the cost is only 21s. 9d., while the small girl's stockinette frock with knickers is 19s. 6d.; crêpe de chine makes the smock with the puff sleeves. A feature is here made of tailored coats in materials suitable for the spring, there are hats to match, for after all is said and done the little people never look better than in a well-cut coat, they are particularly proud if it is a replica of the grown-ups'. There are soft suède leather jerkins to slip on over the head for 22s. 6d. Mackintosh coats for boys and girls are from 12s. 9d. All interested in raiment for the inhabitants of the nursery must write for the illustrated catalogue, it will be sent gratis and post free.

There is a Difference.

There is a decided change in the spring hats, it is subtle rather than blatant. The foreheads are uncompromisingly revealed, a strange veil that is reminiscent of the invisible hair nets of bygone days has appeared; it is not part of the hat but a separate affair which is arranged over the brow before the hat is put on, it matches not the hat but the hair. This accessory would give a decidedly smart appearance to the woman wearing the Walmar hat at the top of the group on p. 252. It is known by the name of the Lyndon and is expressed in marine blue Chinese hemp straw, the bow in front introduces a telling touch of colour. The model below it is of fur felt with a white band across the front which matches the bow at the back. Entirely carried out in black satin is the turban with rouleau trimming. These hats are sold practically everywhere but should difficultly be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Leslie Jones, Walmar House, 296, Regent Street, who will send the address of their nearest agent.

A Desirable Ensemble.

Throughout the month of February, Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., are offering the ensemble pictured for

£5 19s. 6d., and as soon as March 2 arrives the price will ascend to £6 19s. 6d. It is a downright up-to-the-minute model. The dress is reinforced with a neat cross-over vest and pleats, with groups of pleats at the sides. The coat is lined and finished with a fur collar to tone. Of course the dress could stand alone when it would be an ideal background for a fur stole, the

grey fur collar; then there is beige, brown, green, and black, and the sizes are S.W., W., F.W., and O.S. Another fact that cannot be made too widely known is that a white sale is in progress, a catalogue has been issued in connection with the event. It will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Splendid values are offered in sheets and pillow-cases, while unique economies may be practised in the domain of fancy linens and lingerie of all kinds.

A Sale of Furs.

A sale is in progress at the City Fur Store, 64, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C. Included in it is the handsome Persian lamb coat pictured on p. 252. It is generously trimmed with sable-dyed squirrel and of it one may become the possessor for 59 guineas. There are mink marmot coats 45 inches long, lined with silk, for 18 guineas. Unique value is present in the French beaver coney coats for 10 guineas, while those of seal coney enriched with natural skunk collars are 12 guineas. Pony-skin coats with sable squirrel collars are 24 guineas, those of natural musquash being 30 guineas. There is no shadow of doubt that as the season advances there will be a decided vogue for stoles of all kinds, here they are available from 5 guineas. It must be related that remodelling and renovations are undertaken during the sale at very moderate prices. By the way, this firm has no shop window, the show-rooms being situated on the first floor.

From February 16 to 21.

Bargains will be the order of the day at Harrods', Knightsbridge, S.W., great white sale, which begins on Monday

next and continues until the 21st. The illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free. There are Tobralco tennis dresses for 15s., spun silk tennis frocks with groups of pleats at the sides are 25s., while stockinette frocks with matching coat are 45s. Among the attractions in household linens are the damask table cloths, some that were usually 25s. 6d. are 12s. 9d., hand hemmed napkins to match are 12s. 6d. per dozen. Afternoon tea cloths in natural linen with coloured appliqué borders are 4s. 6d. Floral saten quilts filled with reliable down are 20s., those covered with artificial silk being 27s. 6d. Artificial silk bed-spreads, single bed size, are 24s. 6d., double bed size 31s. 6d. The prices of blankets have likewise been submitted to drastic reductions, coloured ones are 10s. 6d. each. They are indeed gilt-edge investments.



A FASHIONABLE ENSEMBLE

Carried out in a new blue tweed suiting showing a miniature pin spot. The folded vest and belt are integral parts of the scheme, the coat being completed with a fur collar to tone

coat might appropriately be worn with a light summer frock. The fabricating medium is spring suiting with a well-nigh invisible white pin-spot; now regarding the colours in which it is available, there is Lido—this shade suggests the second darkest nuance in lapis lazuli, it looks so smart with a necklace of this stone and a

CASTLES IN THE AIR BECAME A REALITY THROUGH THE MARVELOUS NET OF SPANISH ROADS

VISIT SUNNY SPAIN. The Country of

Romance which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by picturesque peasants. In sharp distinction cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with relics of days gone by. For the artist, there are pictures painted by great craftsmen.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. There is also a geniality of welcome which enhances Spain's attractions. In these days of economic depression, money is a consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and Literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board Offices at **Paris**, 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; **New York**, 695, Fifth Avenue; **Rome**, 9, Via Condotti; **Munich**, 6, Residenzstrasse; **Buenos Aires**, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158; **Gibraltar**, 63-67, Main Street. At **London** and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Lits Agencies, or any other Travel Agency.

From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 218)

From Warwickshire

Weston—Southam and Bitham produced a good week's sport, and we wonder whether our Fernie lady enjoyed herself. R. W. T. presents the "Sport of Kings." All the world and his wife acclaimed the entire cast too splendid for words. Some in the audience feared the worst when John struggled with the hamper. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

The following night, Charity, in the form of the Warneford Hospital Ball, called and kept us from our beds—a real success from every point of view—May, completely "outstripped" them all! Then, again, what a shame our most immaculate member could not sell the lady that grey horse, Wings.

Pillerton was the meet for that glorious Oxhill country, but after drawing Brick-kiln (from the right side) and subsequently Pillerton Thorns, it was obvious that scent, the most fickle of jades, was entirely absent. What a disappointment! What wisdom to move to Walton! No scent again Tuesday—lovely sunshine and views from Brailes. In the evening, however, we all had jumping galore from Idlicote to Shipston. Debdale, full of foxes—scent good—hounds ran well and killed a brace.

The week ended in a blizzard and hounds came home at 1 p.m.—hence the raiding party to the Heythrop on Saturday. Pity Gerald and fair Sylvia missed the fun.

From Lincolnshire

The blizzard which raged on January 30 was a forcible reminder that we are still in mid-winter. Following the heavy snowfall came 14 deg. of frost, which put the lid on all hunting during the week-end.

On Thursday, the Blankney had an invitation meet at Cranwell Aerodrome, and

everybody kept their best horses for it. A welcome of the right sort awaited all, and it was appreciated, for the day turned out very wet and extra fortification was needed. The bitches, going away on a fox from the Brackendales, hunted patiently and well for 1 hr. 40 mins. A lot of cross-country work—all on Belvoir soil—took us in roundabout fashion to Rauceby, and hounds killed at Leasingham. Another fox committed *felo de se* by jumping up before hounds had tasted their meal.

Two brushes in fifteen minutes caused a little diversion for the bedraggled field. To keep mum when one is lying in the mud and his quad is careering across the next field, takes a lot of doing. The chances are 100 to 1 against—even those not addicted that way.

I hear Harry Land, who has hunted the Blankney since 1919, is giving up the game, and that Jim Welch from the Cottesmore is taking his place. We shall all miss Harry for he has shown us some wonderful sport, especially in the beautiful Vale.

From the York and Ainsty

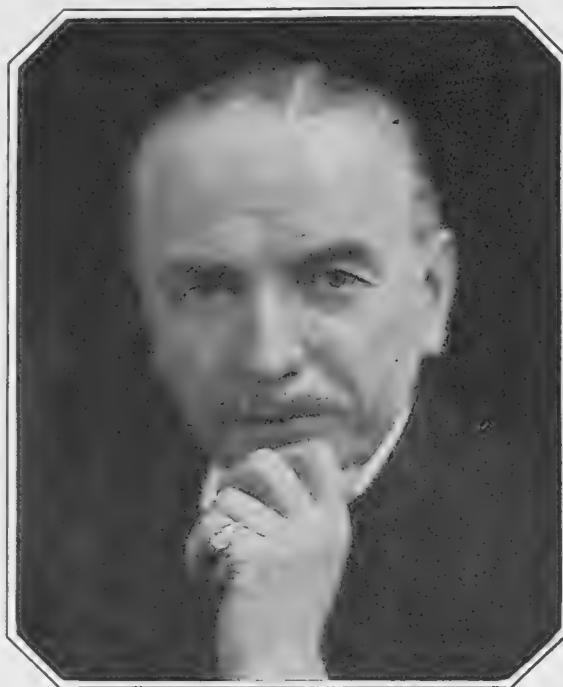
The South pack's day on February 3 was so enjoyable that it has moved us poetically, thus:

The meet's at Dringhouses, and David, of course,
Won't lose any time putting into the gorse;
So Luny and Dick take their stand at the gate
To catch the five-bobs who arrive rather late.

The morning was chilly when first we set forth,
And the wind nipped one's nose, for it came from
the north;
We'd a hunt from the Bogs but it wasn't much
good,
For the fox disappeared when we reached Kennel
Wood.

Then we found an outlier and ran by Wild West
Past the gallops and Askham, an hour of the best,
And the men and the maidens they couldn't com-
plain

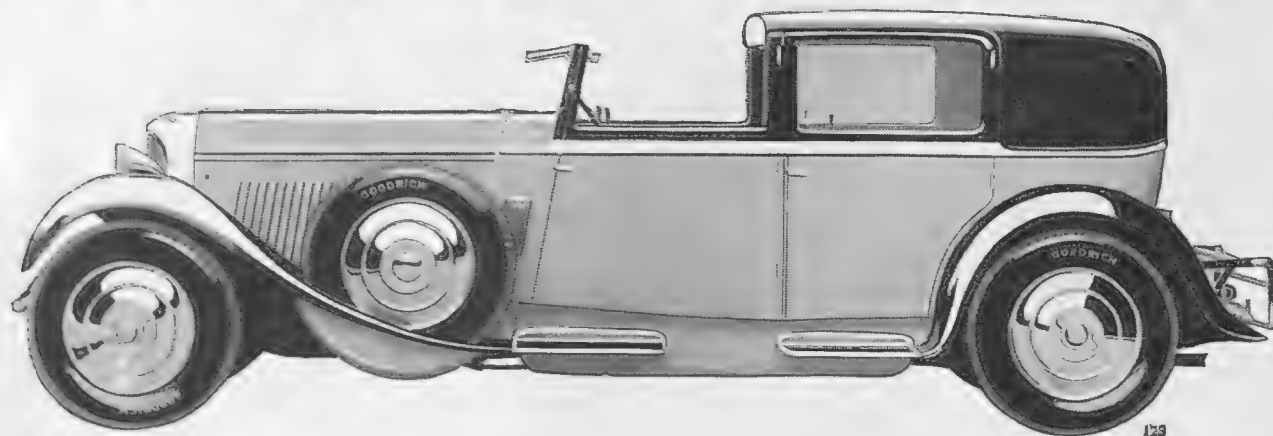
For they'd plenty of jumping o'er timber and
drain.



"CHARLES"

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In the single Ardenette the loose powder compartment is large enough for a generous supply of powder. The Double Ardenette has a powder compartment and a compact of Elizabeth Arden rouge in your favourite shade and an unbreakable chromium mirror

The lip pencil encased in matching black and silver, is irresistibly lovely. It is obtainable in light and dark shades at smart shops everywhere

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April Weddings.

Captain Frank O'Neill Ford, 3/20th Burma Rifles, Maymyo, Burma, is marrying Miss Annabel Elsie Couper, who is the second daughter of Sir John and Lady Couper of Kaimend, North Berwick, and the wedding will take place in April in North Berwick; another April wedding is that between Mr. John Hamilton Piesse and Miss Barbara Isobel Gordon, youngest daughter of the late Mr. H. E. Gordon and Mrs. Gordon of Invernairne, Nairn, which is to be on April 9 in London.

In Shanghai.

On the 14th of this month Mr. Chichester Kennedy Crookshank, the eldest son of Major and Mrs. Crookshank of Grahamstown, South Africa, is marrying Miss Gundreda Brydget Coytmore Walsham, who is the only daughter of Sir John Walsham, Bt., and Lady Walsham of Trebetherick, North Cornwall, at Shanghai.



MR. AND MRS. JAMES RODGER BROWN

Who were married on January 24. The bride was formerly Miss Anne Crisford, and is the only daughter of Mrs. Violet Crisford and grand-daughter of General Sir Horace Moule Evans, K.C.B., and Lady Evans

Weddings and Engagements



Edmund Harrington

MISS BETTY COURTALD

Who is engaged to Captain Ralph Rayner of Royal Signals, is the only daughter of Mr. Samuel Augustine Courtald and Mrs. Courtald

Recent Engagements.

Mr. John George Wells, the only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Lancaster Wells of Tytten Hangar, Hertfordshire, and Miss Lorna Elsie Smith, the



MR. HILARY BRAY AND THE HON. JANE JAMES

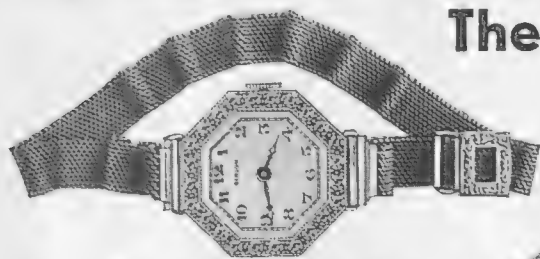
Whose engagement was recently announced. Mr. Bray is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Bray of Rack Close, Shere, and his fiancée is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Northbourne

Mr. John Mackenzie of The Croft, Nigg, Ross-shire, and of Mrs. Mackenzie of Invergordon.

only daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Smith of Westfield, Cawnpore, India, and Merlewood, Virginia Water, Surrey; Mr. Richard John Sayres of the Indian Forest Service, Burma, the only son of the late Mr. A. W. Fortescue Sayres and of Mrs. Sayres of Heathfield House, Bovey Tracey, South Devon, and Miss Margaretta Elizabeth (Betty) Armstrong, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Armstrong of Westoe House, Westoe Village, co. Durham; Mr. James Leighton Breeds, the Royal Sussex Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Breeds of Pahiatua, New Zealand, and Miss Vivienne Corby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Corby of Grange Park, Middlesex; Mr. Robert Andrew Grierson, Town Clerk of Dumfries, and Miss Catherine Mackenzie, the daughter of the late

The modern way to buy a Bracelet Watch

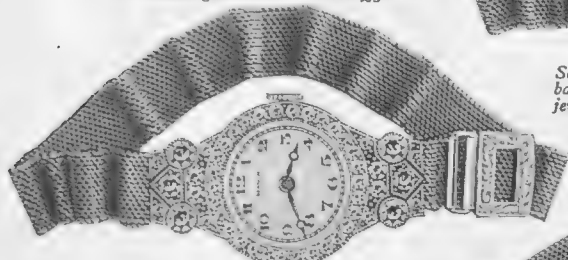
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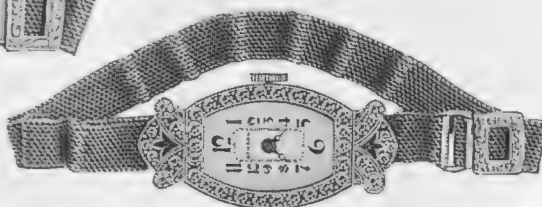
White gold watch set with brilliant cut Diamonds on white gold Milanese band, high quality lever movement, fully jewelled, Benson-guaranteed. Price £30.



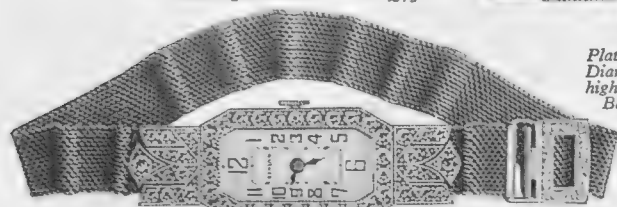
Solid gold watch on solid gold Milanese band, high quality lever movement, fully jewelled, Benson-guaranteed. Price £10.10



Platinum watch set with brilliant cut Diamonds with white gold Milanese band, high quality lever movement, fully jewelled, Benson-guaranteed. Price £75.



Platinum watch set with brilliant cut Diamonds with white gold Milanese band, high quality lever movement, fully jewelled, Benson-guaranteed. Price £33.10.



Platinum watch set with brilliant cut Diamonds with white gold Milanese band, high quality lever movement, fully jewelled, Benson-guaranteed. Price £50.

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Especially good for cleansing the eyes after motoring or travelling. 2/6

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nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue-builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins. 2/6 and 6/6

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The Annual Report and Balance Sheet is now in the hands of members. It makes most cheering reading. I will not enlarge on it, all members can read it for themselves. The fact that emerges is that at a time of universal depression our Association is more than holding its own, which proves women exhibitors realize the immense advantage of having a strong association to represent them. If there was no L. K. A., women exhibitors, who now are a majority, would be entirely unrepresented, so all women interested in dog keeping should join the association on this account alone. There is also the great privilege of having one's kennel noticed in a paper of the status of THE TATLER which circulates all over the world. The great success of our Open Show is mainly due to the hard and untiring work of our Show Chairman, Lady Howe, and Mrs.



WIRE PUPS
The property of Mrs. Bosanquet

Trelawny, both of whom spared no trouble or exertion to make the Show a success and must have much satisfaction at the result of their efforts. I wish again to remind members that the annual meeting is held at the Agricultural Hall at 10 a.m. on Thursday, February 12. By the courtesy of Mr. Cruft and Messrs. Bertram and Co. we once again have tables reserved for lunch on the first day of the Show and the sole use of a room for the rest of the time. This privilege is one of those most highly valued. Cruft's is a busy Show and it is most restful to have a room where one can sit in peace and have a quiet meal.

Miss Peck's Chows are world famous and it is a great honour to see a photograph of one of her good dogs. Yangkie Genji is a three-year-old son of the famous Champion



ETONIA OF BEAUSÉJOUR
The property of Mrs. Beauclerk

Akbar, bred and owned by Miss Peck; his photograph has never been published before; it shows what a magnificent dog he is. He is, of course, a winner of many prizes.

The French bulldog is a house dog *par excellence* and a town dweller for choice. He is thoroughly civilized and sophisticated. No one need have any qualms at keeping him in a town; he likes town life and is specially suited for flats as he hardly ever barks. He is, as becomes a dog whose main interest in life is human beings, extremely intelligent, and his short coat makes him remarkably clean. To anyone who wants a pal who can exist happily with ordinary exercise he is an ideal companion as he is by no means delicate. There is an irresistible attraction in his wrinkled face, snub nose, and human expression. Mrs. Beauclerk is one of the devotees of the French bulldog, and sends a photograph of Etonia of Beauséjour, who is by the late Champion Halcyon Hugaboo, and has taken a lot of prizes. Mrs. Beauclerk wishes to sell her and several others, including two dogs a year and eighteen months old, house-trained, and inoculated against distemper. They can all be seen either in Surrey or London by appointment. Mrs. Beauclerk is only parting with them to make room for coming families.

Mrs. Bosanquet sends a delightful photograph of some wire pups she wishes to sell, she says she has some particularly good terriers now of all ages, some likely winners, and some companions for sale. The spring is coming and the time for outings; no outing is complete without a dog, and no dog for an outing can beat a fox terrier.

Has any member a young spaniel dog to give to a good country home in Scotland, as I have an application for one?

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



CHAMPION AKBAR
The property of Miss A. Peck



Defend THE BEAUTY OF YOUR Hands



from the ravages
of winter

Hunting, golfing, driving . . . they will take heavy toll of your hands . . . if you are content to let them. But here is the perfect protection for your hands . . . Glymiel Jelly.

Night and morning . . . take a little Glymiel Jelly on your finger-tips

and massage it into your hands. Then they will not "chap" or redden. Winter's worst efforts cannot mar their beauty or harm their silky smoothness. All good chemists and stores sell Glymiel Jelly in 2/6 pots of beautiful green crystalline glass. Also in tubes 1/- and 6d.

Glymiel JELLY



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RESTFUL SLEEP

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The "Vi-Spring" is the original pocketed spring overlay mattress which for more than 25 years has been dispensing rest beyond compare. Its service also is enduring. Look for the registered name "Vi-Spring" and avoid the "just as good" or "better" at a less price. Hundreds of conscientious and reliable House Furnishers prefer to recommend the "Vi-Spring" and retain the confidence of their customers; such houses are worthy of your support.

Vi-Spring Mattress

Sold by all reliable House Furnishers. Write to-day for beautifully illustrated catalogue fully describing this luxurious overlay mattress.

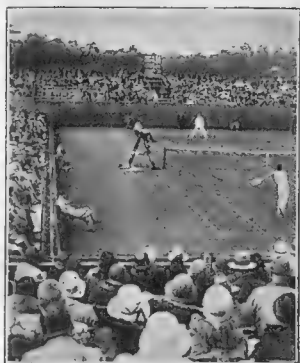
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Aldwych

The Dentist's Dilemma—(cont. from p. 248)

shadow leaves. On either side the park lies bathed in a silver radiance and everything is still, even my own footsteps are soundless. The house is plainly to be seen at the end of the drive. In the daylight it would be one of those Georgian buildings, grey brick and uninteresting, but now it is imbued with a subtle air of mystery. An unusual verandah runs the length of the downstairs rooms and one end of it is partially covered by a magnolia. Have you ever smelt a magnolia flower when it is all bespangled with dew? No? Well, you would never forget it if you had.

"The front door is always heavily barred and bolted. I have to pull the iron bell several times before anyone comes. Then there is a shuffling and a jangling of chains and locks, and the door swings open and I walk inside.

"An elderly woman is standing in the hall, the key still swinging in her hand, and her white apron making a vivid blur in the semi-darkness. The light from one unshuttered window struggles in and makes a chill white bar across the floor, leaving the corners of the room in complete obscurity.

"I speak to the woman, wish her 'Good morning,' and ask if I may see over the rest of the house, but she never answers, only as she turns to leave me I notice an unsightly birth-mark on one cheek.

"Can you imagine anything so eerie as wandering over a strange deserted house in the dead of night? No, I'm sure you couldn't. Fancy finding yourself in unexpected rooms, looking in vain for a staircase, wanting desperately to get out and not knowing how. Then the horror of opening doors, never knowing what or who might be lurking just the other side. Feeling one's self imprisoned, hemmed in. Then just as I am struggling to scream I am walking down steps into the cellar. I can see them now, wide, steep stone slabs, damp and slippery, and a wall of blackness below. I do not want to go on, and yet I am compelled to do so. The dank, musty smell of the place is as acute as the fragrance of the magnolia, only a few seconds ago.

"When I get to the bottom I grope wildly with my arms, trying to find the wall, and then I stop, for just above me I can hear stealthy footsteps creeping down towards me. Every moment they are growing closer and closer, and then there is a low, chuckling laugh. I dare not turn my head and encounter this new horror.

"Will you rinse, please." Mr. Buss handed me a glass of rose-coloured water. "Once more, thank you." Then replacing the glass on the stand he resumed his work and story simultaneously.

"Have you ever noticed that terror one experiences in a dream is always ten times worse than anything we have endured in actuality? At this point I am always abjectly afraid, and then to my amazement I hear quite a pleasant voice speaking, close to my elbow. 'By Jove,' it says, 'why, here's a man. Now, whoever would have thought of finding such a thing here.' Then a second voice chimes in, and it is the sweetest I have ever heard, low and gentle with a trill of mirth.

"If it's a man you must introduce me, George,' she said. 'You must not forget your wife when we have only been married a fortnight.'

"I turn round then and confront them in the glimmer of their electric torch, and after that everything becomes a bit confused in a way dreams have at the most exciting part. But all the time I am conscious of a hideous disappointment, for the lady with the lark-like voice is plain; no, more than that, she is ugly. To be sure she is young and tall, but apart from that her face and figure hold no redeeming feature. Yet I felt that her soul possessed all the beauty her body lacked.

"I shall never forget her look of adoration, almost worship, as she gazes at her husband. One could excuse her for that; he is a handsome fellow enough, although his eyes hold nothing but a cold distaste.

"The next thing I know they are mounting the stairs. I could see the beam from the torch dancing in a circle before them. At the top of the stairs the man turns; I see his face and guess his intention. I try to shout, to run forward, to do anything to attract the girl's attention, but I cannot move. That is the most diabolical moment in any dream, that dreadful rooting to a spot with every nerve striving for action. Petrified I see the man turn, and with a sudden movement hurl his wife to the bottom of the stairs. I shall never forget that bump, bump, bump, and then the stillness. As she lies there at my feet with her pale upturned face, I notice that in death she seems to assume a loveliness she had never known in life."

Mr. Buss, with absorbed attention, was making a minute mud-pie on a square block of crystal.

"Well," I asked expectantly, as soon as I could speak, "what next?"

He looked mildly surprised. "Nothing," he answered. "That is the end."

I felt annoyed—the tale had gripped me more than I realized; I expected a sort of anti-climax. "I don't see what you are making all this fuss about," I told him crossly. "A dream's a dream, and there's an end of it."

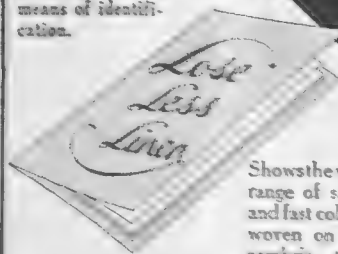
He cleared his throat noisily once or twice, and when he spoke it was in a husky whisper. "Yes," he said, "there is another factor in the difficulty. Imagine my feelings when the day after my third dream

(Continued on p. xii)

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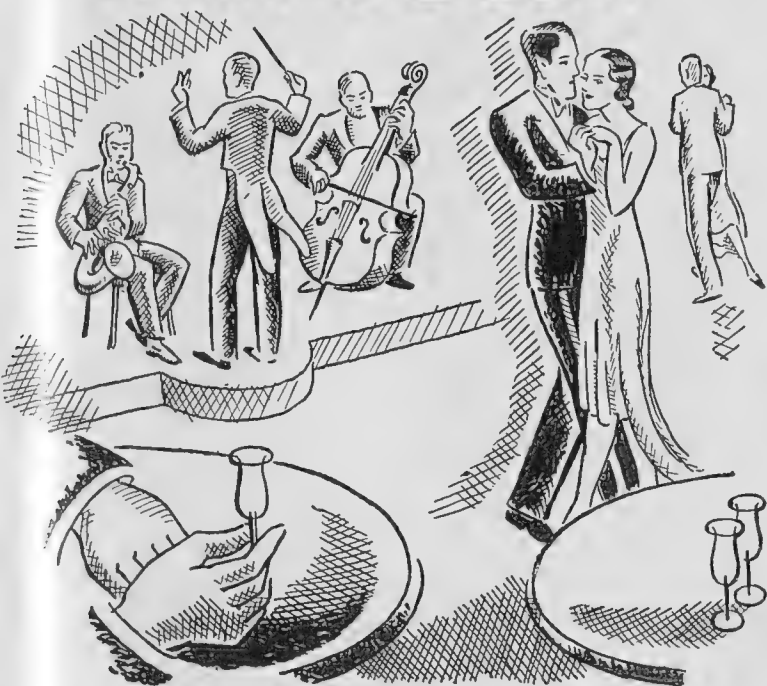
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The Dentist's Dilemma—(Continued from p. x)

that very same lady was shown in as a new patient. Her husband came with her, they had only been married a fortnight, and to judge from their behaviour still deeply in love. Yet once, looking up suddenly I surprised an expression in the man's eyes that made me shudder. I had seen it there before.

"I knew the girl well enough by name. The only child of a millionaire. Rich men are scarce in these days and are quite easily remembered. There had been a fuss about the marriage. George P— was practically penniless, and there had been an unsavoury scandal with some musical comedy star, but the father gave way in the end.

"During their visit I was naturally compelled to wash my hands occasionally and while I did so they talked. Discussed the house with the avenue of oaks and the strange verandah and the magnolia tree. Speculated about the silent woman with a birth-mark on one cheek. They had the house-agent's photographs with them. They showed them to me; it was the same. They are going to see the place again this afternoon, a final inspection before signing the lease."

As I looked at Mr. Buss's kindly, round face, now all puckered with bewilderment and distress. I felt an uncomfortable lump rise in my throat. What was he to do? Obviously the girl would never credit such a warning, it might lead to most unpleasant results, and Mr. Buss was a married man with a large family to consider. On the other hand, should an "accident"

happen to that unsuspecting bride, could he live down his remorse? It was unfair of the little man to try and saddle me with his responsibilities. I refused to be embroiled.

I had left some parcels in the waiting-room and returned to collect them. It was getting on towards one o'clock and the place was almost empty. A tall man stood looking out of the window. He glanced

round at my entry. It was only for a moment, but I could see the hard and bitter lines about his mouth. They had no business to be engraven on so young a face.

A girl sat at the table, turning over the leaves of an illustrated paper in a half-hearted way. I have never seen such a beautiful expression on so plain a face. Without doubt she was one of those women who help to make this sad old world a better and happier place. In a flash I made up my mind. No matter the consequences she must be warned. Somehow I must get back into the surgery and implore Mr. Buss to tell her of his forebodings.

I swept up my parcels and made a dash for the door, colliding with the obsequious manservant as I did so.

"Will you step this way?" he asked the strangers over my head, and as they hurried after him I realized I had missed the opportunity. It was too late.

It was raining when I got outside, fierce little pattering gusts swept across my face. In the square the gaunt bare branches of the trees dripped slow sad drops like tears. Miserably I asked myself the question again and again: "Ought Mr. Buss to tell?"



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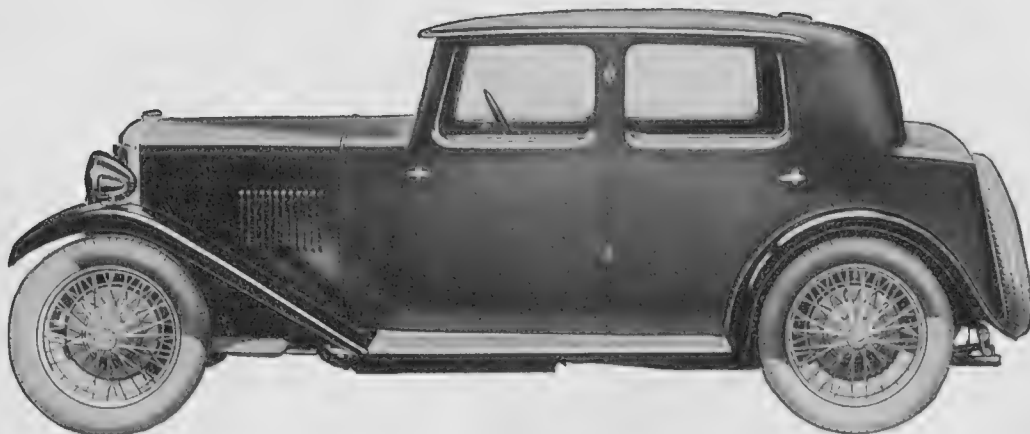
Mr. J. Hobbs was placed fourth in the same class.
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MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

The last of the competitions following on the Monte Carlo Rally was the Mont des Mules Hill-climb, and in this again British drivers and cars carried off the honours. The hill consists of a 3-kilometre stretch on the Beausoleil-La Turbie road. The fastest time of the day was made by D. M. Healey (Invicta). Healey was driving in the 5,000 c.c. class. The 2,000 c.c. class was won by T. C. Mann (Lagonda), and the 1,100 c.c. class by R. Barr (Riley). Healey was within one second of the record for the hill, but Barr easily beat the record for his class; on a car of 1,100 only he was actually the third fastest winner of the day, covering the course at a higher speed even than competitors in the 8,000 c.c. class. A German, an American, and two French cars were successful in the other classes. In the Comfort Competition British superiority was even more marked, all six premier awards being secured. The Grand Prix of Honour was won by S. C. H. Davis (Armstrong-Siddeley), who also secured the prize for closed cars over 1,100 c.c. The similar class for open cars was won by Lord de Clifford (Lagonda). The award for closed cars under 1,100 c.c. went to F. Samuelson (M.G. Midget), and that for open cars to K. W. B. Sanderson (Riley).

Lancashire, whose fortunes rest on rain, is going to show the world that she knows how to keep dry under it all. The manufacture of weatherproofs has now been begun in Lancashire by the Dunlop Company, offering an additional side line for the cotton industry, and considerable quantities of cotton are expected to be used. “Water-proofed cotton makes a perfect material for both comfort and weather resistance,” said an official of the company in an interview, “and Lancashire is an ideal spot for the development of an industry which requires cotton—and rain. Lancashire waterproofs are finding favour all over the country and abroad.



A CROSSLEY IN NORTHERN NIGERIA

PETROL VAPOUR

(cont. from p. 246)

matters a row of pins (except for appearance sake), and I take it that in general, very, very few motor-cars are habitually driven at a mile a minute. Yet it is a fact that in these islands you more often see a stream-line effect attempted on a tiddler that will only just scrape a speedometer “60” than on something that will without question healthily hit up the knots. One reason for this state of affairs is that the distribution of wealth has, since the War, been so diabolically mishandled that most of the people who can afford fine cars are old ladies and gentlemen inexorably opposed to any outward suggestion of pace in their vehicles, and another is that we are so dreadfully afraid of getting away from conventional habits. Now good “lines,” providing they don’t interfere with my comfort, strongly appeal to me, and I am all for them, but there is just one point that the stream-lining enthusiast ought to attend to, and that is the collection of mud. I am not in the least praising out-of-date things when I assert that the old-fashioned saloon, with the Presbyterian rump and the intensely respectable square-cut wings, kept itself a great deal cleaner, through the mud, than its modern equivalent. Here is a department of research in which the enterprising engineer of the body department might well concern himself. It should not be beyond his wit to manage the air currents around his design so that they shove the spray away instead of, so to speak, sucking it in. And this is by no means a trivial point, for in these hard times few of us can afford to keep our cars constantly on the wash. Meanwhile, the present water-proof highway is inevitably a great deal dirtier than ever the old macadam type was. In automobilism huge progress has been made—in everything but mud-guarding. This is where the streamliners can show their ingenuity.



I have now had this car long enough to satisfy myself that it is far and away the best motor-car I have ever owned and I cannot speak highly enough of it.

I use it very considerably on the Continent where I drive it very fast and do not spare the car at all.

No car that I have owned has stood up to my severe work without giving considerable trouble after about 5,000 miles, but the 'Phantom II' seems to like it.

It really is a wonderful car, and I consider there is nothing on the road—except a pure and simple racing car—that can pass it; yet with all you do not appear to have sacrificed any of the wonderful Rolls-Royce qualities which have made your name so famous throughout the World. I refer, of course, to silence, smoothness, absence of vibration and general refinement throughout the chassis.

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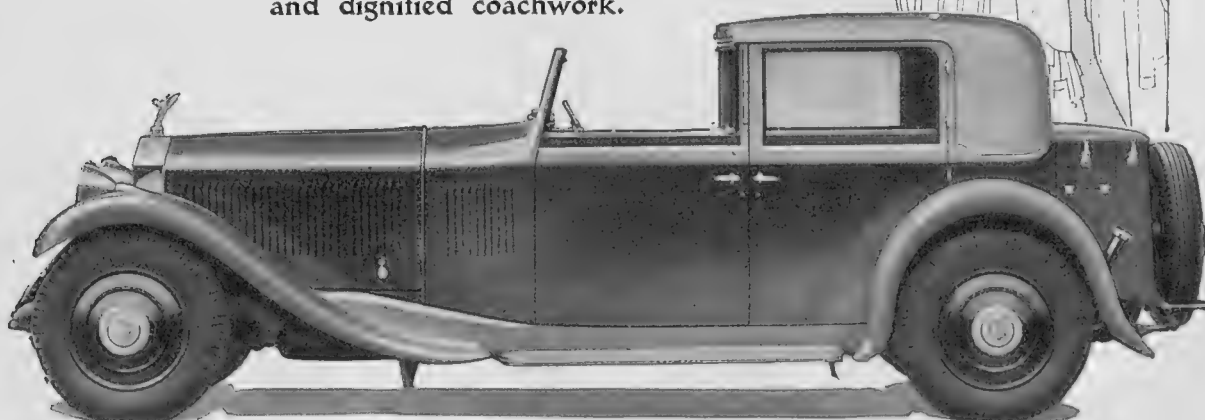
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Notes from Here and There

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask your help for an old butler who is in great distress, for at the age of sixty-seven he finds it very difficult to get further employment. He had to spend some weeks in hospital for an aural operation and is still slightly deaf, which means that when seeking work he finds himself outclassed by younger and smarter men. He is one of the good old-fashioned type of servant, and is most proud of the watch given him by Queen Victoria after he had waited on her when staying with his employer. His only income is 10s. weekly Old Age Pension, and it is pathetic to see him shabby and hungry, for his rent comes to almost this sum. We are most anxious to collect enough



MR. AUBREY AND MR. DONALD FORD

Who recently gave a most successful violin and piano recital at the Wigmore Hall. The programme was mainly Mozart's Sonatas, which were beautifully rendered by the talented brothers

to give this old man an allowance of 5s. weekly until he gets light work or at least during the winter. Please help!



CARRERA'S "BLACK CAT" BALL

Which took place at Covent Garden, and at which a gift of a gold cigarette case from 3,500 of the employees of Carrera's, Ltd., was made to Sir Louis Baron, the popular head of the firm. With Sir Louis Baron in this picture is Mr. N. W. Danbury, one of the directors

Paris give "Daphnis and Chloe," Suite Symphonique (Ravel), and the Milan Symphony Orchestra give "Masaniello," Overture (Auber). Columbia have issued a further two records of "Melodious Memories," played by Herman Finck and his orchestra, and they contain many old favourites to all. Chopin lovers will be glad to hear that Friedman has made four 12-in. records of Chopin mazurkas. Beethoven is represented this month by the Grosse Fuge played by the Lener String Quartet.

The lighter records include Layton and Johnson singing "I Remember You from Somewhere" and "So Beats my Heart for You" on one record, and "Horatio Nicholl's Gipsy Melody" and "Little White Lies" on another; Trevor Watkins gives two songs from *Frederica*, "Wonderful" and "I Live for Your Love"; three very good humorous records are Clapham and Dwyer in "Buying a House"; Herbert Munding singing "Boots, 'ow I ate 'em" and "All the Way Home"; and Norman Long singing "She Does it all for Me" and "The Single Man and the Married Man." Gilbert and Sullivan fans will like the recording of sixteen solos and concerted numbers of *The Mikado*. These are on six records, and all the best numbers are given, and they are made by the Columbia Light Opera Company. There are some good dance records by Jack Payne and his B.B.C. Orchestra.



MR. STANLEY NEWMAN AS THE VICAR IN "JANE'S LEGACY"

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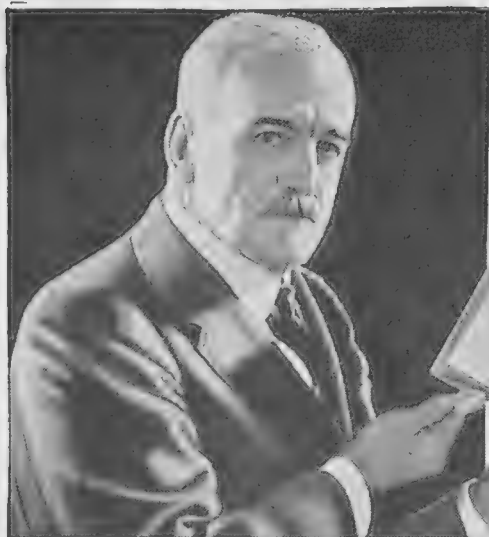
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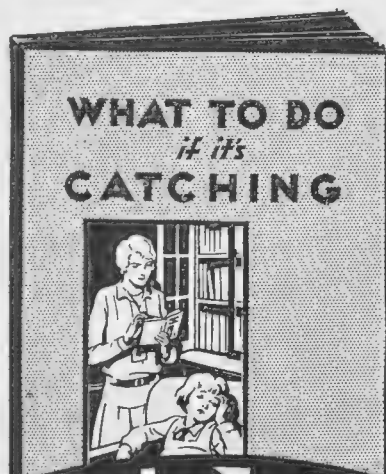
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ROUND AND ABOUT NOTES

The special February issue of the "Indian State Railways Magazine" published by the Central Publicity Bureau of the Railway Department of the Government of India in connection with the official opening of New Delhi is a



IN GLORIOUS DEVON: "TOM CROCKER'S HOLE"

The well-authenticated hiding place for his loot of the infamous pirate, Tom Crocker, who used Burgh Island, where there is now a very up-to-date hotel, and other places on the Devon coast as bases of operation. The Pilchard Inn, which dates back to 1395, claims to possess the only authentic pirate flag in existence

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Hartley's "Bitter Sweet" marmalade is one of the latest products of the famous firm of Messrs. William P. Hartley, Ltd., and without doubt is a marmalade that should suit the palate of everyone. It will be recalled that Miss Evelyn Laye christened this at a luncheon given at the Savoy Hotel recently. Our attention has been called to the fact that at least two other firms have adopted the name of "Bitter Sweet" for marmalade, but it should be remembered that Hartley's "Bitter Sweet"—christened by Miss Evelyn Laye—is the original.

The B. and N. Line Royal Mail, Ltd., announce two attractive pleasure cruises in the Mediterranean and Aegean Seas in the *Stella Polaris*. The first cruise starts from London on March 27 and finishes at Monaco on April 16, when passengers return to London overland via Paris and Dover. The second cruise starts at Monaco (passengers coming overland via Dover and Paris) on the 17th and finishes at London on May 13. The journey to and from Monaco is made without extra cost. During the first cruise, Madeira and the Canary Islands are visited, in addition to the beauty spots in the Western Mediterranean, while the second cruise carries the traveller as far afield as the Côte d'Azur, Sicily, Italy, Palestine, Egypt, Greece, Malta, Algeria, Spain, and Gibraltar. These attractive tours can be obtained from B. and N. Line Royal Mail, Ltd., 25, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.



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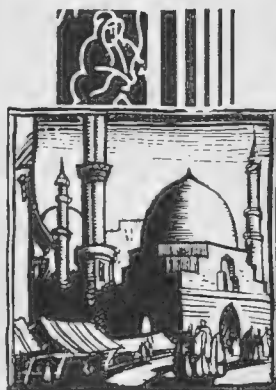


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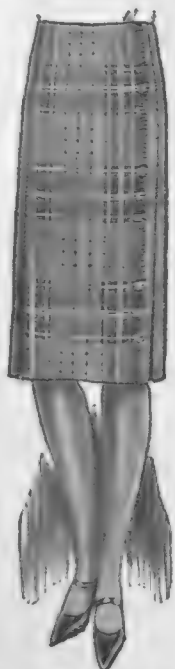
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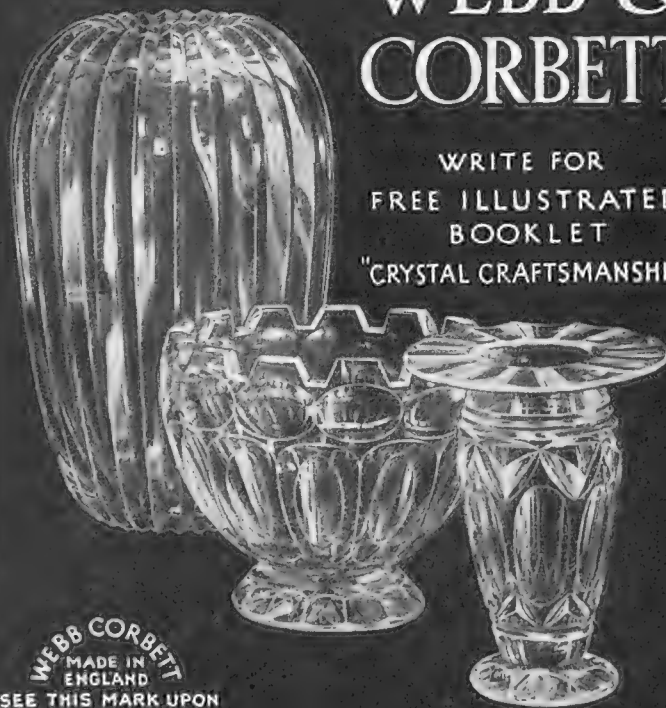


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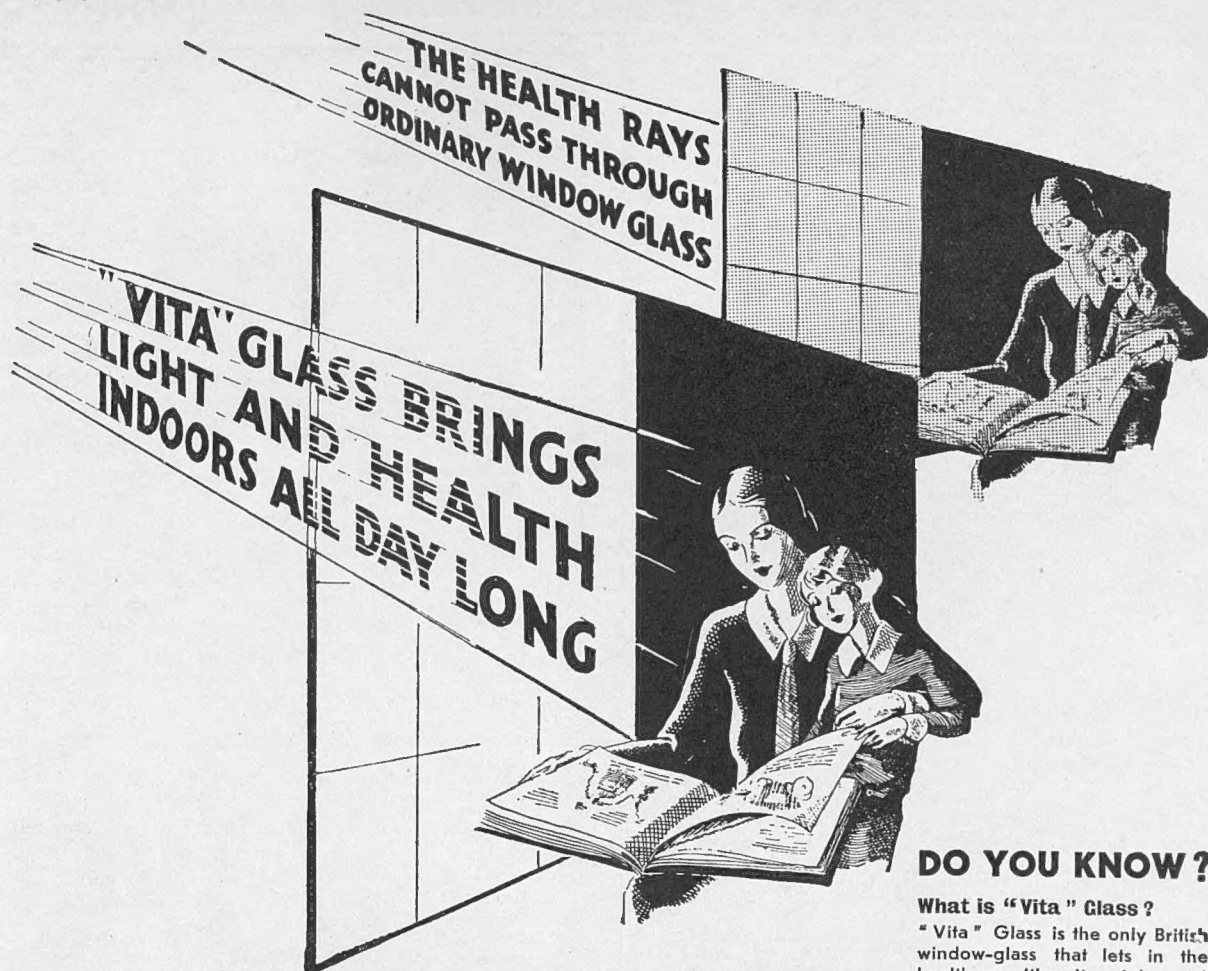
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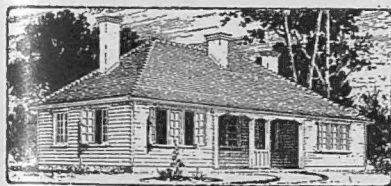
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Four valves; two screen-grid stages to ensure extreme range and selectivity. Mains operated. Voltage range 100-110 and 200-250 volts; A.C. 40-60 cycles. Plugs for additional loud-speaker and remote volume control.

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- 9 Utter simplicity of operation.
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- 11 An attractive walnut cabinet.
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Model 521
Walnut Cabinet
48 Guineas